

"COWES": A PICTURE IN COLOURS BY C. A. SHEPPERSON.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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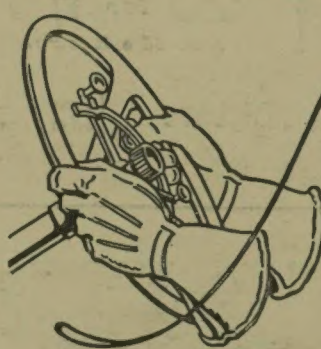
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1922.

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COWES WEEK—"A FLYER": GOING AHEAD FAST UNDER A CLOUD OF CANVAS.

Cowes Regatta Week this year is likely to be remembered for many things. One was the prospect offered by the programme for a series of interesting races between crack boats, even though the largest vessels, whose performances were usually the centre of attraction were absent; for instance, the King's "Britannia" and the "Nyria" and "White Heather." Another point which was a specially note-

worthy feature of this year's regatta was the presence at Cowes of the twelve wonderful little boats of the six-metre international class. Not a few yachtsmen experts look on them as types of the racing craft of the future. From them also are selected the four which will represent Great Britain in the much-looked-forward-to race in September for the British-American Cup.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGTON



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE new book by the author of "If Winter Comes" is likely, I think, to be as much criticised as the first book was praised. It will be criticised, and even condemned, for the same reason for which the first book was praised; because it is a work of great ability. But Mr. Hutchinson's new book, which is called "This Freedom," and is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is one in which he is not content to write a true story, but has been so incautious as to give it a true moral. And the moral is not fashionable in the Press at the moment; for it is to the effect that a woman may gain a professional success at the price of a domestic failure. It is the convention of journalism at this moment to support what is feminist against what is feminine. The ultimate, if unconscious, reason, in my own private view, is that the sort of people who are newspaper-owners are also factory-owners, and female labour is cheap; but that is a matter of opinion. The objections urged to the book fail to convince me; they are applicable to the dramatic emphasis of any work of art. It is easy to say that a woman may be ambitious in business without her children going to the bad. It is just as easy to say that a woman may be ambitious in politics without helping to murder an old gentleman in his bed; but that does not make "Macbeth" inartistic. The process is consistent and logical; and the controversy is misunderstood because the critic himself has failed in logic.

For in this matter the modern mind is inconsistent with itself. It has managed to get one of its rather crude ideals in flat contradiction to the other. People of the progressive sort are perpetually telling us that the hope of the world is in education. Education is everything. Nothing is so important as training the rising generation. Nothing is really important except the rising generation. They tell us this over and over again, with slight variations of the same formula, and never seem to see what it involves. For if there be any word of truth in all this talk about the education of the child, then there is certainly nothing but nonsense in nine-tenths of the talk about the emancipation of the woman. If education is the highest function in the State, why should anybody want to be emancipated from the highest function in the State? It is as if we talked of commuting the sentence that condemned a man to be President of the United States; or a reprieve coming in time to save him being Pope. If education is the largest thing in the world, what is the sense of talking about a woman being liberated from the largest thing in the world? It is as if we were to rescue her from the cruel doom of being a poet like Shakespeare; or to pity the limitations of an all-round artist like Leonardo da Vinci. Nor can there be any doubt that there is truth in this claim for education. Only precisely the sort of which it is particularly true is the sort called domestic education. Private education really is universal. Public education can be comparatively narrow. It really would be an exaggeration to say that the schoolmaster who takes his pupils in freehand drawing is training them in all the uses of freedom. It really would be fantastic to say that the harmless foreigner who instructs a class in French or German is talking with all the tongues of men and angels. But the mother dealing with her own daughters in her own home does literally have to deal with all forms of freedom, because she has to deal with all sides of a single human soul. She is obliged, if not to talk with the tongues of men and angels, at least to decide how much she shall talk about angels and how much about men.

In short, if education is really the larger matter, then certainly domestic life is the larger matter; and official or commercial life the lesser matter. It is a mere matter of arithmetic that anything taken from the larger matter will leave it less. It is a mere

matter of simple subtraction that the mother must have less time for the family if she has more time for the factory. If education, ethical and cultural, really were a trivial and mechanical matter, the mother might possibly rattle through it as a rapid routine, before going about her more serious business of serving a capitalist for hire. If education were merely instruction, she might briefly instruct her babies in the multiplication tables, before she mounted to higher and nobler spheres as the servant of a Milk Trust or the secretary of a Drug Combine. But the moderns are perpetually assuring us that education is not instruction; they are perpetually insisting that it is not a mechanical exercise, and must on no account be an abbreviated exercise. It must go on at every

of the infant's intelligence is being developed; while she, the mother, figures in public as a money-lender or some other modern position of dignity. But among poorer people there cannot be five teachers to one pupil. Generally there are about fifty pupils to one teacher. There it is impossible to cut up the soul of a single child and distribute it among specialists. It is all we can do to tear in pieces the soul of a single schoolmaster, and distribute it in rags and scraps to a whole mob of boys. And even in the case of the wealthy child it is by no means clear that specialists are a substitute for spiritual authority. Even a millionaire can never be certain that he has not left out one governess, in the long procession of governesses perpetually under his marble portico; and the omission may be as fatal as that of the king who forgot to ask the bad fairy to the christening. The daughter, after a life of ruin and despair, may look back and say, "Had I but also had a Lithuanian governess, my fate as a diplomatist's wife in Eastern Europe would have been very different." But it seems rather more probable, on the whole, that what she would miss would not be one or other of these special accomplishments, but some commonsense code of morals or general view of life. The millionaire could, no doubt, hire a mahatma or mystical prophet to give his child a general philosophy. But I doubt if the philosophy would be very successful even for the rich child, and it would be quite impossible for the poor child. In the case of comparative poverty, which is the common lot of mankind, we come back to a general parental responsibility, which is the common sense of mankind. We come back to the parent, as the person in charge of education. If you exalt the education, you must exalt the parental power with it. If you exaggerate the education, you must exaggerate the parental power with it. If you depreciate the parental power, you must depreciate education with it. If the young are always right and can do as they like, well and good; let us all be jolly, old and young, and free from every kind of responsibility. But in that case do not come pestering us with the importance of education, when nobody has any authority to educate anybody. Make up your mind whether you want unlimited education or unlimited emancipation, but do not be such a fool as to suppose you can have both at once.

There is evidence, as I have noted, that the more hard-headed people, even of the most progressive sort, are beginning to come back to realities in this respect. The new work of Mr. Hutchinson's is only one of many indications among the really independent intelligences, working on modern fiction, that the cruder culture of merely commercial emancipation is beginning to smell a little stale. The work of Miss Clemence Dane and even of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith contains more than one suggestion of what I mean. People are no longer quite so certain that a woman's liberty consists of having a latch-key without a house. They are no longer wholly convinced that every housekeeper is dull and prosaic, while every bookkeeper is wild and poetical. And among the intelligent the reaction is actually strengthened by all the most modern excitements about psychology

and hygiene. We cannot insist that every trick of nerves or train of thought is important enough to be searched for in libraries and laboratories, and not important enough for anybody to watch by simply staying at home. We cannot insist that the first years of infancy are of supreme importance, and that mothers are not of supreme importance; or that motherhood is a topic of sufficient interest for men, but not of sufficient interest for mothers. Every word that is said about the tremendous importance of trivial nursery habits goes to prove that being a nurse is not trivial. All tends to the return of the simple truth that the private work is the great one and the public work the small. The human house is a paradox, for it is larger inside than out.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN TURKEY: GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON.

When it was asserted that it was the intention of the Greek Army to march on Constantinople and occupy it despite the fact that the Allied troops were in possession (a "scare" later reduced to the statement that the Greek Government was merely seeking to advance diplomatic arguments as to the most effective way of bringing the Turks to reason), General Sir Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in Turkey, issued the following communiqué: "As the result of rumours regarding the possible violation of the neutrality of the Occupied Territories, the Commander-in-Chief considers it desirable to recall that, as the territories referred to are in Allied military occupation, he is firmly resolved to repress by force any attempt at disorder or any action contrary to neutrality on the part of any parties in the Occupied Territories."—[Photograph by Russell.]

hour. It must cover every subject. But if it must go on at all hours, it must not be neglected in business hours. And if the child is to be free to cover every subject, the parent must be free to cover every subject too.

For the idea of a non-parental substitute is simply an illusion of wealth. The advanced advocate of this inconsistent and infinite education for the child is generally thinking of the rich child; and all this particular sort of liberty should rather be called luxury. It is natural enough for a fashionable lady to leave her little daughter with the French governess or the Czecho-Slovakian governess or the Ancient Sanskrit governess, and know that one or other of these sides

NEWS OF THE WEEK BY CAMERA: PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, MAULL AND FOX, L.N.A., BARRETT, AND ALFIERI.



THE FIRST WOMAN
A.R.I.B.A.: MISS COOK.



RECIPIENT OF THE LL.D. DEGREE AT CAMBRIDGE:
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF AOSTA.



FINANCE AND SPORT: THE LATE
MR. LIONEL ROBINSON.



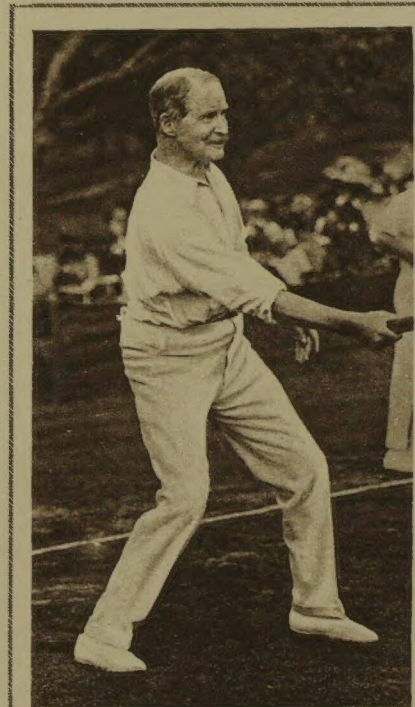
FRANKLIN GOLD MEDALLIST:
PROFESSOR E. G. COKER.



ON THE WAY TO SEE THE MINISTERIAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT:
MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS HOST, SIR A. CROSFIELD.



A TAXI-CAB VICTIM: MR. TOM
GRIFFITHS, M.P.



MINISTERIAL TENNIS: MR. BONAR
LAW AT SIR A. CROSFIELD'S
GARDEN PARTY TOURNAMENT.



MINISTERIAL TENNIS: THE EARL
OF BALFOUR AT SIR A. CROSFIELD'S
GARDEN PARTY TOURNAMENT.



PONTYPRIDD BY-ELECTION: MR. T. I.
MARDY JONES, M.P.



FOR SERVICES TO SCIENCE: THE EARL OF BALFOUR PRESENTING
THE FRANKLIN MEDAL TO SIR JOSEPH THOMSON, O.M.



FOUND DEAD IN HER BATH: THE
LATE ADELE, COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Miss E. G. Cook is the first woman student to receive the Architectural Association's Diploma and become A.R.I.B.A. She has also won the medal of the French Society of Architects, as the best English student of the year.—Dr. E. G. Coker, Professor of Engineering at University College, London, has been awarded the Potts Gold Medal by the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, for engineering research.—The Duke of Aosta, cousin of the King of Italy, on July 29 received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge, where he delivered the Local Lecture Summer Meetings' address, taking as his subject, "The Italian as Soldier."—The late Mr. Lionel G. Robinson, of the Stock Exchange, was well known for his interest in developing Australian enterprises, and also in Anglo-Australian sport.—

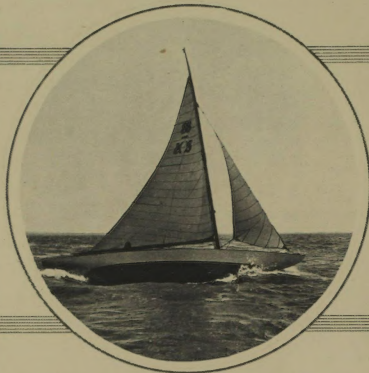
Mr. Tom Griffiths, M.P. for Pontypool, Monmouthshire, was the victim of a taxi-cab accident, but is happily recovering.—On July 28, a large garden party was given by Sir A. and Lady Crosfield, at Highgate, to meet the Prime Minister. A feature of the afternoon was the tennis tournament, in which the Earl of Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law took part.—Mr. T. I. Mardy Jones captured the Pontypridd Division of Glamorganshire for the Labour Party.—Sir Joseph J. Thomson, O.M., is the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.—The late Adele, Countess of Essex, who was found dead in her bath from heart failure, was the widow of the seventh Earl. She was the daughter of Mr. Beach Grant, of New York.

THE FAMOUS END-OF-THE-SEASON YACHTING FESTIVAL: COWES REGATTA AT ITS HEIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUS. BUREAU, C.N. I.N.A. AND FARRINGTON.



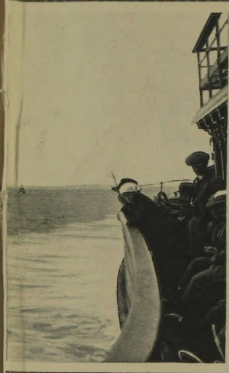
SETTING THINGS RIGHT ALOFT WHILE RACING:
SECURING THE LASHINGS OF A TOPSAIL.



IN THE 16-FOOT INTERNATIONAL CLASS RACE:
LIEUT.-COMMANDER HAMILTON'S "VANITY."



AN OPENING DAY'S SCENE, VIEWED
COMPETITORS ARRIVING



FROM A PASSENGER-BOAT:
IN THE SOLENT.



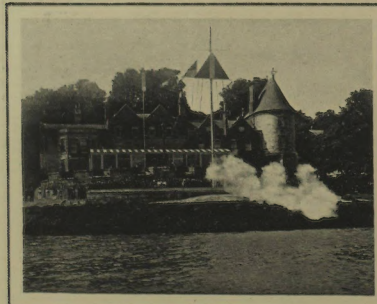
IN THE RACE FOR YACHTS NOT OVER 75 TONS: MR. R. H. LEE'S
"TERPSICHORE"—FULL SAIL WITH SPINNAKER SET.



THE FASHION IN PAINT THIS YEAR—HULL BLACK
ALL OVER: ONE OF THE YACHTS.



WATCHING FROM ASHORE: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE CASTLE,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.



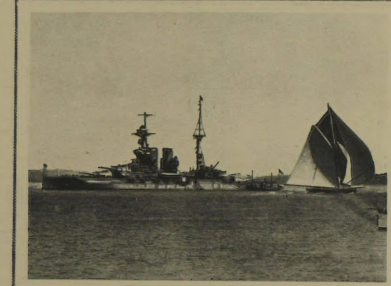
"OFF": FIRING THE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED "STARTING GUN" FROM
THE SEA FRONT OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CASTLE.



THREE GRACES OF THE "WEEK": ON THE STEPS OF THE LANDING-STAGE,
WHERE MEMBERS OF THE R.Y.S. LAND AND EMBARK.



GETTING READY: A YACHT'S CREW, IN RACING RIG, AT WORK HOISTING
THE MAINSAIL.



BUSINESS AND BEAUTY: "TERPSICHORE," UNDER ALL CANVAS, PASSING
THE KING'S GUARD-SHIP "MALAYA"



AT THE GATES OF THE CASTLE: THEIR MAJESTIES STARTING OUT
FOR A WALK IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Cowes Regatta this year was a great social success, although the far-famed "Britannia," his Majesty's yacht, had by unfortunate necessity to be absent, thus robbing the elect of the yachting world, and the host of visitors to the scene of the Week, as well as the huge crowd of holiday-makers, of one great source of universal attraction. One noticeable and much-remarked-on feature of the Regatta this year has been the painting of the yachts themselves. Quite a large number of the smartest yachts, racing and other, seen at anchor in Cowes Roads off Squadron Castle, this year had their hulls painted black all over. Of course, not so many years ago, black was the prevailing, if not indeed the universal, colour of all pleasure craft and racing yachts. Then curiously, as though by common consent, it became the fashion among yachtsmen everywhere to paint their craft white. Black practically disappeared entirely,

Now this year black—a reverting, as someone remarked at Cowes, to "late-Victorian"—has become the general colour. It is suggested that the oil used so widely now by shipping in general for fuel is the prime cause of the re-colouring. The slimy, viscous motor-oil which nowadays floats so thickly on the surface in most of our harbours is found to discolour and disfigure the look of a yacht at the water-line that constant expensive repainting and scouring have become necessary, and thus, in consequence, a return to old-fashioned black hulls has come about. The guard-ship "Malaya," seen in one of our photographs, was one of the new super-Dreadnoughts built during the war. She took a prominent and very distinguished part with Lord Beatty's Battle-Cruiser Squadron at Jutland, where the "Malaya" was one of the hardest-hit of all our ships. She was given to the Navy and paid for by the Malay States, it is worth recalling.

A STERN CHASE: WATCHING THE NEXT AHEAD AND CALCULATING THEIR OWN CHANCES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



AT COWES: ON DECK IN A LARGE CLASS RACING YACHT—

Lying prone on deck, on the weather side of the boat, is the attitude in which the greater part of the crew of a racing yacht have usually to pass a good deal of their time during a race, while their craft in shaping her course ahead is standing on a long stretch, or tack. Meanwhile, all hands watch with the keenest interest what rivals are doing, particularly at specially interesting or critical moments, observing the handling of the next ahead or their most

CRITICALLY EYEING THEIR LEADER ROUNDING THE MARK.

dangerous competitor on some other bearing, as the case may happen to be at the moment. Experts in the ways of seacraft as they have all necessarily to be—for every man on board is a picked hand—there is little that they do not know, and the order to spring to their feet and carry on invariably finds them ready in anticipation, and well aware of what has to be done. Instinctively, as a rule, they forecast the working of "the skipper's" brain.

The Best of the Book

THE TRAGEDY OF THE IRVINGS—FATHER AND SONS.*

THE story of the Irvings, father and sons—Henry, "H. B.," and Laurence—is a tragedy. All were acclaimed; all had a measure of that indefinable thing men call Success; the end of all was sorrow.

Henry Irving, fêted, at the head of his calling, lived his lone life in the shadow. "Even his rooms," writes Mr. Brereton, "... were dull, though artistic. The sun hardly ever touched them, and what daylight there was had to find its way in through windows either heavily curtained or of stained glass. ... At night, when the curtains were drawn, the gas and candles lit, the host was at his best—in his element, so to speak. ... In the day-time, the dominant manner of the inhabitant of these Bond Street rooms kept off, to some extent, the feeling that would creep in upon the friendly and sensitive visitor. It was the absence of a woman's hand."

Henry Irving married Florence O'Callaghan on July 15, 1869. His elder son, Henry Brodribb, was born on Aug. 5, 1870; and his son Laurence Sydney Brodribb, on Dec. 21, 1871. Shortly after the latter's birth, Irving left his wife—"for reasons which need not be entered upon, and may be put down to 'incompatibility of temper.'" In 1879 a deed of separation was signed, the mother taking charge of the children.

Thus became possible that tensely dramatic scene in Irving's flat on a summer day in 1883. "When Henry and Laurence came to their father's rooms on that June afternoon, although they were welcomed and made much of ... they were somewhat constrained in their manner, a little, perhaps, disdainful. ... The manner of the boys is not to be wondered at, for they only knew of their father by name and by the echo of his fame which reached them in their schoolroom."

Later, both came to realise their father's true character and to appreciate him.

Henry Irving stalked his own path. He made and spent fortunes, for he lived *en prince*, and he was generous to a fault. Always he seemed wealthy; but when he died so suddenly, after a performance of "Becket," he was almost as "hard up" as he had been in his youth.

Mr. Brereton introduces some very vital facts and figures: "Sir Henry Irving, in the period of his management (Aug. 31, 1878, to June 10, 1905), took over two and a quarter millions of money, in pounds sterling, from the playgoers of Great Britain and America. Notwithstanding these colossal receipts, his heavy expenditure in the theatre, his lavish hospitality, and his immense charities, administered in private, and of which the world knew nothing, left him a poor man. He was literally worked to death, and he died in harness, the result of an endeavour to pay his way. Some six years before, he had been forced to sell the greater part of his dramatic library. After his death it was necessary to dispose of his effects by auction, the net result of which was a sum of over fourteen thousand pounds."

It is a fact also that it was lack of credit which dashed Laurence Irving's hopes of a career in diplomacy. "A considerable sum of money, as well as influence, was required for those who entered into the diplomatic service in those days. The influence was there, but the financial aspect was not roseate. ... Unfortunately, although to the outer world Henry Irving was one of the most successful men who ever trod the stage, his finances in 1891 did not permit him to make the monetary settlement which was deemed the minimum for the would-be diplomat. He was drawing huge sums from the public, but spending the greater part upon his theatre. One of my trusted possessions," says Mr. Brereton, "is his private ledger, giving the receipts and expenses, week by week, as well as other particulars of interest, from the beginning of his management of the Lyceum in 1878 until his death. That instructive 'human document' shows me that the season, August 1890 to July 1891, resulted in a loss of over four thousand

pounds, while the seven months, December of the latter year until the end of the following July, showed a further deficit, despite the receipts exceeding fifty-eight thousand pounds. In the autumn of 1891 a provincial tour enriched the treasury by a goodly sum, insufficient, however, to balance the London losses." It came about, then, that Laurence took to the stage professionally. His brother Harry did the same a few weeks later. The precise dates are: Laurence Irving—August 1891; as Snug in Benson's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Dundee; H. B. Irving—Sept. 19, 1891; as Lord Beaufoi in the revival of T. W. Robertson's "School," at the Garrick. Laurence, who had been in Russia for some three years, adding Russian to his French, and getting to know the people, gave up, as has been said, the hope of a career in the Diplomatic Corps. Harry vacillated between the Bar and the boards. As a barrister, his father's name would have been an asset to him; as an actor it was calculated to be something of a hindrance—"Emperors don't have sons; they have successors." Nevertheless, he chose the theatre; although he added a passion for the conduct of mock trials, the enthusiasms of a criminologist, and much ability as a writer; just as Laurence was not content to be known merely as mime, and wooed fame also as dramatist.

The paths of the boys were at once smooth and thorny. "H. B.," especially, had to fight the fact that he was his father's son. Walter R. Linn, of Philadelphia, defined it excellently. "It was just like interviewing an ancient portrait of Sir Henry Irving," he wrote; "the resemblance between the great English tragedian and his son is startling, in voice and mannerisms, as well as in features. ... Sons of great men are under a serious handicap in this world. When they are still in knee-breeches they are expected to be as smart as their fathers were in their prime. If Ulysses S. Grant, junr., wasn't qualified to thrash Lee before he quit riding velocipedes, he was a failure in the public's estimation. If Robert Lincoln does not make all his legal briefs as thrilling as the Emancipation Proclamation, he is not worthy of Abraham."

"H. B." conquered this "curse" of heredity. *The Illustrated London News*, writing of his performance of King John at Oxford, in 1891,

said of him that he was "an actor of real power and of great promise. Earnest, intelligent, imaginative, and gifted with a rich voice and graceful person, Mr. Irving bids fair, should he ever adopt the stage as his profession, to add fresh lustre to the name he bears. His conception of King John is noteworthy for its consistence and force. He makes him, above all, royal, proud, remorseful, swayed by temptation, smitten by ill-fortune, cool-brained, cold-hearted, but never lacking the grace and generosity and personal charm which one always associates with such men as Edward IV. and Charles II." Yet his first experience as a professional disappointed him. The engagement was short, and turned him to the law and the continuance of his famous "Life of Judge Jeffreys." He was called by the Inner Temple in 1894. In February of the same year he was behind the footlights again—as Dick Sheridan, in the play of that name by Robert Buchanan. It was a false start, and there were several others. The young actor was lacking in experience. He had the sense to realise this, and,

boldly, he decided to go on tour, playing many and different parts. After that he went ahead rapidly. At twenty-five he was a pronounced success. He married very happily—Dorothea Baird, the original Trilby. He added rôle to rôle, reaching his zenith, perhaps, with his creation of Crichton in "The Admirable Crichton."

Followed many another triumph; then his last part, Stephen Pryde, in "The Invisible Foe," at the Savoy. His health was on the decline in the spring of 1918. He joined the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, remaining until the Armistice—only five months; but the strain weakened him. "During the autumn," Mr. Brereton writes, "we met at lunch some half-a-dozen times. It was apparent that Disease had marked him for her own. Usually abstemious in the pleasures of the table, he ate and drank ravenously and, to my astonishment, smoked a large cigar at each meal with a feverish enjoyment. ... He was just wasting away." In the following summer Mr. Brereton saw him once more: "aged terribly, he was stooping and dejected in appearance, a shocking change from his old, alert self." In the October he died, at the age of forty-nine.

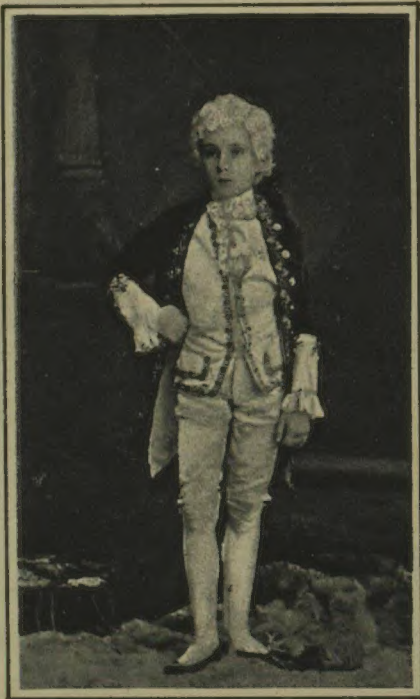
By the irony of fate, his abilities were not the fount of the money he left behind—£39,176. That was due to the rents he drew from the Savoy Theatre, although he did not profiteer.

Laurence, too, earned his position by hard work, and he was less lucky than his brother; although he, also, married happily. His stage parts need not be enumerated; but his Takeramo, in "Typhoon," his wild, excitable Rodion, in "The Unwritten Law," and his Skule, in "The Pretenders," will be remembered; as well as his authorship of "Peter the Great," his translation of Sardou's "Robespierre," and his connection with "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," and "The Incubus" ("Les Hanneçons").

The end was tragic. On May the 29th, 1914, the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Ireland*, stopped by fog, was rammed by a Norwegian collier, and sank in ten minutes, with a loss of eight hundred lives. Laurence and his wife, Mabel Hackney, went down with the ship—"husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms, and Laurence was kissing his faithful friend and helpmate as the waters of the St. Lawrence closed over his dream."



AT A MANSION HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL: H. B. IRVING AS A BOY, AS HAMLET.



AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL: LAURENCE IRVING AS A BOY, AS CHARLES SURFACE.



WITH A BUST OF THEIR FATHER: "H. B." AND LAURENCE.

Illustrations reproduced from "H. B. and Laurence Irving," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. Austin Brereton, sympathetic, sincere, and scholarly, has added to the history of the theatre pages of permanent value. None interested in the stage and the "humble and obedient servants" of the public can afford to pass them by. E. H. G.

* "H. B. and Laurence Irving." By Austin Brereton. (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d. net.)

NOT RACING HIS OWN YACHT: THE KING AT COWES; WITH THE QUEEN.

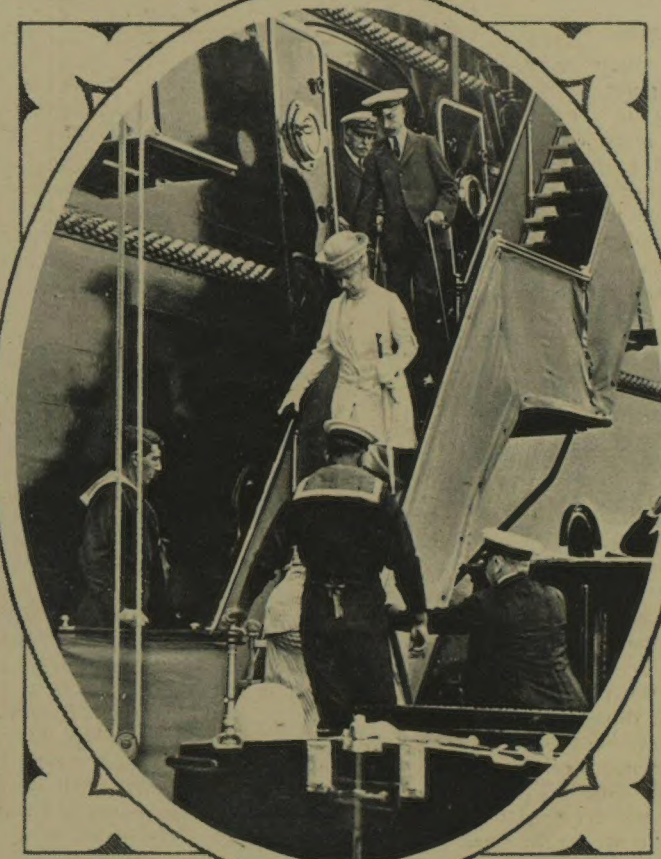
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



THEIR MAJESTIES' RESIDENCE AFLOAT: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT COWES.



IN THE LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL YACHT: THE KING AND QUEEN ABOUT TO START FOR OSBORNE AND CARISBROOKE.



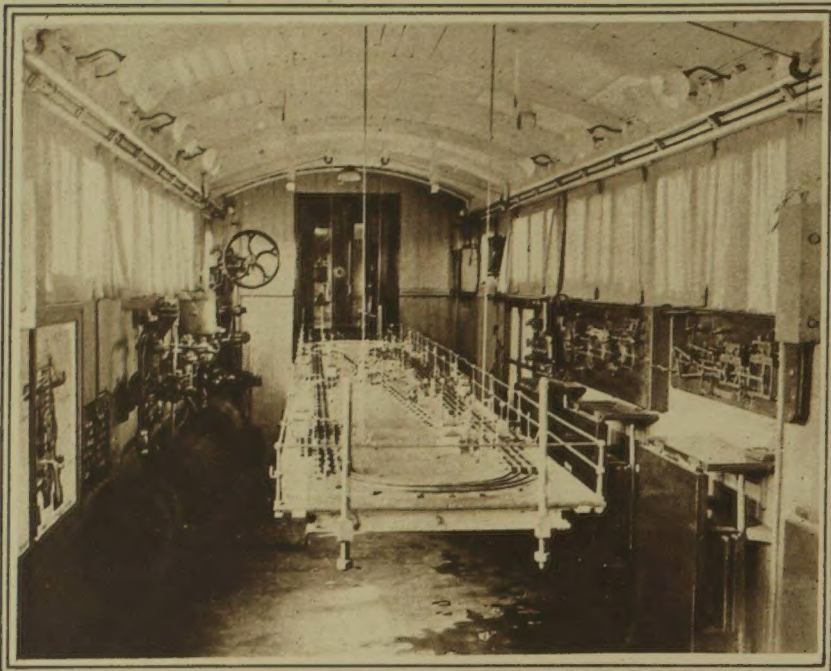
ENTERING THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT'S" LAUNCH: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN GOING DOWN THE SIDE.

During Cowes Week, the King and Queen, as is usual, lived on board the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert" which lay at the customary moorings in the roadstead off the Royal Yacht Squadron. They arrived on Saturday afternoon, July 29, after having taken a cruise round the Isle of Wight. Prince George and the Duke of Connaught were guests of the King and Queen on board the Royal Yacht during the week. On Sunday afternoon (July 30), their Majesties, with the Duke of Connaught, landed from the "Victoria and

Albert." They went by motor-car first to visit the patients at King Edward's Convalescent Home for Officers at Osborne House, and spent a few minutes in Queen Victoria's State apartments, in another block of the building; after which they motored to Carisbrooke Castle. There the royal party had tea with Princess Beatrice, in residence there in her official capacity as Governor of the Isle of Wight. This year, in the interests of national economy, and to set an example, the King has not commissioned his famous "Britannia" racing yacht.

IN FRANCE, IRELAND, AND FLANDERS: MEN AND MATTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



RAILWAY-WORKING INSTRUCTION BY MODEL: IN THE ORLEANS RAILWAY "TRAVELLING-WAGON SCHOOL"—THE TRACK AND SIGNALS MODEL.



FOR TRAINING RAILWAY MEN AT ANY DEPÔT: CLASS-ROOM IN THE "TRAVELLING-WAGON SCHOOL"—THE TRACK AND SIGNALS MODEL STOWED UNDER THE ROOF.



DEFENCE MINISTER AND CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE IRISH NATIONAL ARMY: GENERAL MULCAHY.



READY IN CASE OF AMBUSH BY IRREGULARS: IRISH NATIONAL TROOPS MARCHING ALONG A ROAD IN SINGLE FILES.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE IRISH NATIONAL ARMY: GENERAL MICHAEL COLLINS.



THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES: IN FRONT OF THE RUINS OF THE CLOTH HALL—THE CROWD OF PILGRIMS DURING THE ADDRESS.

The French Paris-Orleans Railway Company has instituted a Travelling Railway-Wagon School, already in use on its system. The wagon, which gives instruction at depôts along the line, is equipped with working models of rail-tracks, signalling and shunting apparatus, and all the appliances in daily use; while it also forms a class-room for those under oral tuition.—The Irish National Army uniforms of Generals Mulcahy and Collins follow in cut and general tailoring details, as will be observed, the Service uniforms worn by British officers.—The anniversary of the



THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES ANNIVERSARY: THE EARL OF YPRES (CENTRE OF FRONT ROW, STICK IN HAND), HEADING THE "YPRES LEAGUE" EX-SOLDIERS' PROCESSION.

Third Battle of Ypres, which began on July 31, 1917, was celebrated at Ypres on Sunday, July 30, under the auspices of the "Ypres League." Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres (Lord French) headed 650 ex-soldiers who attended the celebration and left London for Ypres on the Saturday night. They went in procession from Ypres railway station to the ruins of the Cloth Hall, where addresses were delivered, and a visit was paid to the British memorial which stands in the midst of the ruins. The Ypres visitors returned to London on Monday.

NEW PICTURES FOR THE NATION: GIFTS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



BY QUINTEN MASSYS: "MADONNA, WITH ST. CATHERINE AND ST. PELAGIA."



DATING FROM ABOUT 1410: "THE TRINITY, WITH ANGELS."



BY AMIGONI, THE VENETIAN: "INFANT CHRIST, WITH ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA."

The National Gallery has been enriched by several important gifts during the past few weeks. The "Madonna, with St. Catherine and St. Pelagia," presented by Mr. Charles Clarke, is by that rare artist, Quinten Massys, and is one of the few extant Netherlandish pictures in tempera on linen. It has been placed with the Flemish masterpieces in Room XV. "The Trinity, with Angels," bought by the Trustees, aided by a gift of £1000 from the National Art-Collections Fund, is

a work of extreme rarity, for there are extremely few examples of primitive French painting outside France. The formal design, the experts declare, must have originated with those miniaturists who worked for the Duc de Berri, at Bourges, at the close of the fourteenth century. Amigoni's "Infant Christ, with St. Anthony of Padua," was given by Mr. F. D. Lycett Green. Amigoni worked in England for a while.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE hardest thing the critic finds to do is to grow old gracefully. In his approach to new work he may pray to all his gods that they will continue to him the gift of the open mind, but Anno Domini steps in with penalties. The penalty is heaviest when poetry comes up for judgment, and the songs of the younger men fight an unequal battle against old standards. If the critic has been trained in a severe school, if his thought has been coloured some time in the last century by the literature and dogma (without capital letters) of Matthew Arnold, with further retrospects to the *Biographia Literaria*, the theories of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Edgar Allan Poe—even, perhaps, if his curiosity or scholastic impulse has led him in that obscure direction, Keble's "Lectures on Poetry," which lay buried in their original Latin until 1912—the poor man is not to be blamed if his notions are somewhat set, and if he finds it difficult to dress up to the front rank of the

to catch woodcocks. It sets Mr. Prescott, so far, among the moderns, and the moderns may listen to him, who knows, to their edifying.

In another new book the claims of the moderns find full acknowledgment, and the omnipresent Freud again takes a hand in the game of critical appreciation. Without the subconscious there is no moving to-day in literary criticism, and that may account for the tendency to abstract writing which besets so much current reviewing, to the slight scandal of fogies who were drilled in the dark ages of their youth to respect and strive after the concrete image. But to make a fetish of that or any maxim, sound in its degree, is to wither up intelligence, and deserve the censure of our progressive young masters, whom we seek to understand better. Help comes from Mrs. Williams-Ellis, who has exceptional qualifications for the rôle of interpreter. As Poetry Editor of the *Spectator*, she must have a know-

ledge of Georgian poets, good and bad, above the common, for she sees much that will never meet the eye of the general reader. This rather appalling reflection is softened by the kindly touch with which the author handles, with the poets' permission, rejected pieces. It is, however,

went to discover why the poem was important. And even some schoolmasters have known the secret.

On rhythm, accent, Chinese poetry, the subconscious, and the relations of verse and musical setting, Mrs. Williams-Ellis and Mr. Graves should be read together. They seem to have been in consultation, or, if not, it is a case of *les grands esprits toujours se rencontrent*. But on one point their method differs.

While Mrs. Williams-Ellis gives advice to young poets, with examples drawn from the not perfectly successful work of others, Mr. Graves, with a gallant humour, anatomises himself, showing us successive drafts of his "Cynics and Romantics," and appending his reasons for alteration. It is one of the most engaging things in an engaging book. The final "Consideration—it may be rotten, but I've done my best," comes after so many trials that the conscientious artist stands justified in calling a halt. The force of nature (or genius) could no further go. Yet his divine dissatisfaction knows no complacency even when he has passed the awful bar of the *Spectator* itself.

Personally, we like Mr. Graves. He will not thank us for that (it disproves one of his arguments), but we cannot help it. In his essays, if not in all his poetry, he hath given us medicines to make us love him; even his punishing Apologue of "The Bowl Marked Dog" cannot take us on the raw. It begins:

"I am sorry, nephew, that I cannot understand your Modern Poetry. Indeed, I strongly dislike it; it seems to me mostly mere impudence."

"But, uncle, you are not expected to like it."



A NEW BRITISH PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE SOUTH GATE, BAGHDAD: ST. GEORGE'S MILITARY CHAPEL—ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.

newer Minstrel Boys who are in every sense of the word "warrior-bards." These young fighters, it would appear, delight to reverse tradition, and proclaim that grey hairs and experience, so far from being the sign of wisdom, are the advertisement of foolishness. Only the other day a reviewer who had ventured to reassert old claims of decency and order in literature, was rapped very shrewdly over the knuckles by a junior swashbuckler, who considered it a complete answer merely to remark that the offending critic "must be a very aged person." So much for bald heads, say the adolescents, who have no longer any fear of she-bears lurking in the wood to avenge the elderly prophet.

The bald heads, to give them their due, are not particularly anxious that the she-bears should get to work. Some of the ancients, it may be, feel hurt and petulant, but not those who have still a spark of life in them. These last are more concerned about their own state, and would like to discover and break down the barriers that hinder their appreciation of the newer school. They may be tempted to retire into themselves, ignore the new voices, and mumble the old bones in the goodly company of their contemporaries, who still hold out comfort, even when they apply new methods. There is an insidious solace in "THE POETIC MIND" (Macmillan; 9s.), where Professor F. C. Prescott remarks that "in a subject as old as poetry, orthodox views are particularly apt to be sound." That has not prevented him from stating new principles, but he hopes that even these rest on old foundations. He uses only old poetic examples to illustrate his enquiry, which is to define, with the researches of Freud as a basis, the relation of literary composition to dreams, reveries, and subconscious states. Those of us who now look backward further than they can hope to look forward feel very much at home with Mr. Prescott's exemplary poets, however unfamiliar his psychology may seem; but one could have wished that he had said something about the host of new singers in relation to the newer mental philosophy. He may be accused of obscurantism, and classed among the wilful and conservative aged persons whom the fresh and buoyant young spirits consider negligible. But perhaps his Freudian basis may prove a spring-

chiefly of the published that she writes in "THE ANATOMY OF POETRY" (Blackwell; 7s. 6d.), a book that looks before and after, and examines in a familiar style many of the questions more profoundly treated by Mr. Prescott.

So much for the critic *qua* critic. But the ultra-Georgians—they have eyes of youth: they write verses—themselves make daring excursions into criticism of their own work and that of their forerunners. You will miss much enjoyment of the two books already mentioned if you do not read a third, which has, *passim*, a curious family resemblance to "The Anatomy." Under the turbulent surface of "ON MODERN POETRY" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), Mr. Robert Graves conducts a rivulet of critical thought that will refresh those who cling to tradition. He may even persuade these reactionaries that the new men, or the sanest of them, despite appearances, have the root of the matter in them, and that the line of cleavage in essential criticism between new and old is scarcely discoverable. What Mr. Graves says in loyal commendation of Wordsworth's "Daffodils" is just what many old-fashioned people thought long ago. It was not to the schoolmaster's conventional exposition, which Mr. Graves berates, not to say "guys," but to Wordsworth himself that we



USED FOR THE GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AND THE DEPARTMENTAL STAFFS IN BAGHDAD: THE INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S MILITARY CHAPEL.

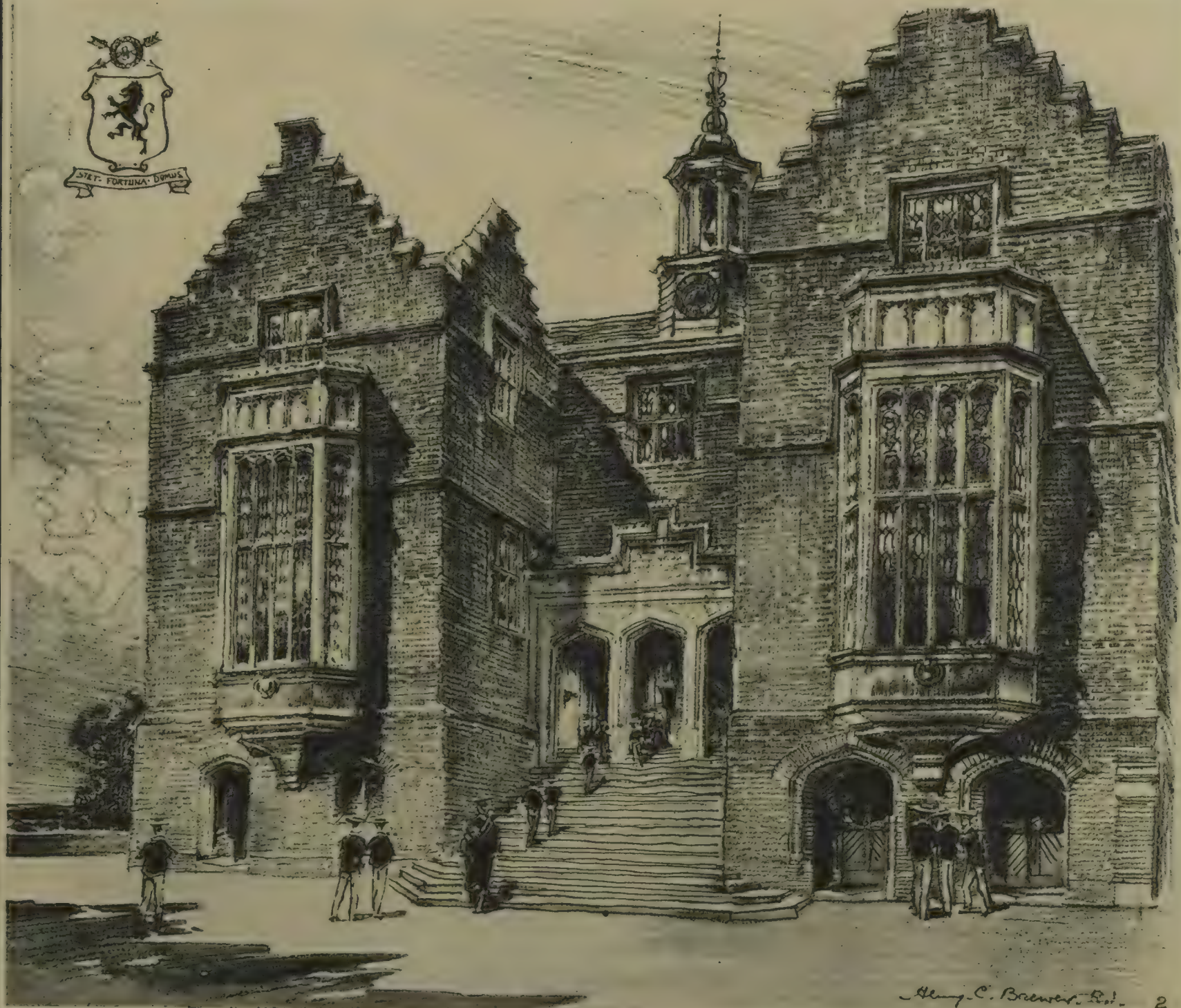
St. George's Military Chapel, Baghdad, was dedicated by the Rev. J. T. Hales, Principal Chaplain to the British Forces in Irak, early this year. It is situated in the South Gate; is a part of the original building, altered and adapted by the civil authorities; and replaces the old Garrison Church, built by the military in 1917. The chapel seats 150, and is used for the General Headquarters and Departmental Staffs. The building itself is one of the oldest in the city—probably 200 years old—and its walls vary in thickness from five feet to nine feet.

Photographs by Kareem.

The sequel, too long to quote, shows that you cannot tempt an old dog with new meats. But even here, perhaps, there is no finality. The avuncular and the nepotal taste may yet find points of contact. And in Mr. Graves's delightful Shandy-gaff of poetical criticism I think they do. When you read him, you will see why I have used the term "Shandy."

Our last reflection on closing the book is—"You've such a way wid you, nephew avick." The form of words rises inevitably, for is not Mr. Graves son to the author of "Father O'Flynn"? He may be new, very new, but, like Mr. Prescott, he rests on old foundations.

Harrow School



WITH A CONTINUOUS HISTORY FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH TO KING GEORGE V.: (1) THE TERRACE; AND THE SCIENCE SCHOOL AND BUTLER MUSEUM; (2) THE LEFT WING OF THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL, COMPLETED IN 1615.

John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of Queen Elizabeth's day, founded Harrow as a grammar school for poor boys living in the parish. He obtained a charter from the Queen in 1571, but for forty years afterwards there were no school buildings. The school was carried on in the old Church House near the churchyard. Not till 1615, twenty-four years after Lyon's death, were the oldest of the existing school buildings ready for the boys. From then onwards the present Harrow School has occupied the site. Meanwhile, in 1591, in the last year of his life, John Lyon threw open admission to his school to boys living outside the parish,

making provision for the teaching, as he worded it, "over and above the youth of the inhabitants of this parish," of "so many Foreigners as . . . the place can conveniently contain." Thenceforward Harrow was enabled in the course of time to start on the career which has made the school prominent among the greater schools of the world. Incidentally this detail may be of interest. What cricket is now, archery was to the Harrow boys of John Lyon's time. To encourage it as a sport among his boys, he instituted the prize of a Silver Arrow, to be shot for annually, a Harrow sports competition that lasted two hundred years.

FOUNDED BY JOHN LYON, YEOMAN; AS A

Drawings Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News," 1922.



HARROW SCHOOL: (1) AS SEEN FROM THE FOOTBALL FIELD (HARROW CHURCH—RIGHT) CHAPEL; (5) "DUCKER"; (6) HIGH STREET—OLD SCHOOL, "DRURIES," THE TEA-SHOP; (7

For two hundred years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the original school buildings remained as provided by Lyon's bequest. Then, in 1819-20, a new wing was added to the Old School, as it is now termed, containing a Speech-room and a Library. The famed "Fourth Form Room" is one of the original rooms in the Old School. The Speech-room of 1820 was replaced in 1877 by the present building. The present school library, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., was built in 1863, as a memorial to the celebrated Headmaster, Dr. Vaughan (1845-1859), later Master of the Temple. The first school chapel was built in 1839—the boys, previous to that, having attended at the Parish Church. The south aisle of the modern chapel was erected as a memorial to Harrovians who fell in the Crimea. "The incomparable Ducker," as an American visitor called the school bathing-place, is an old-established

GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR POOR BOYS: HARROW.

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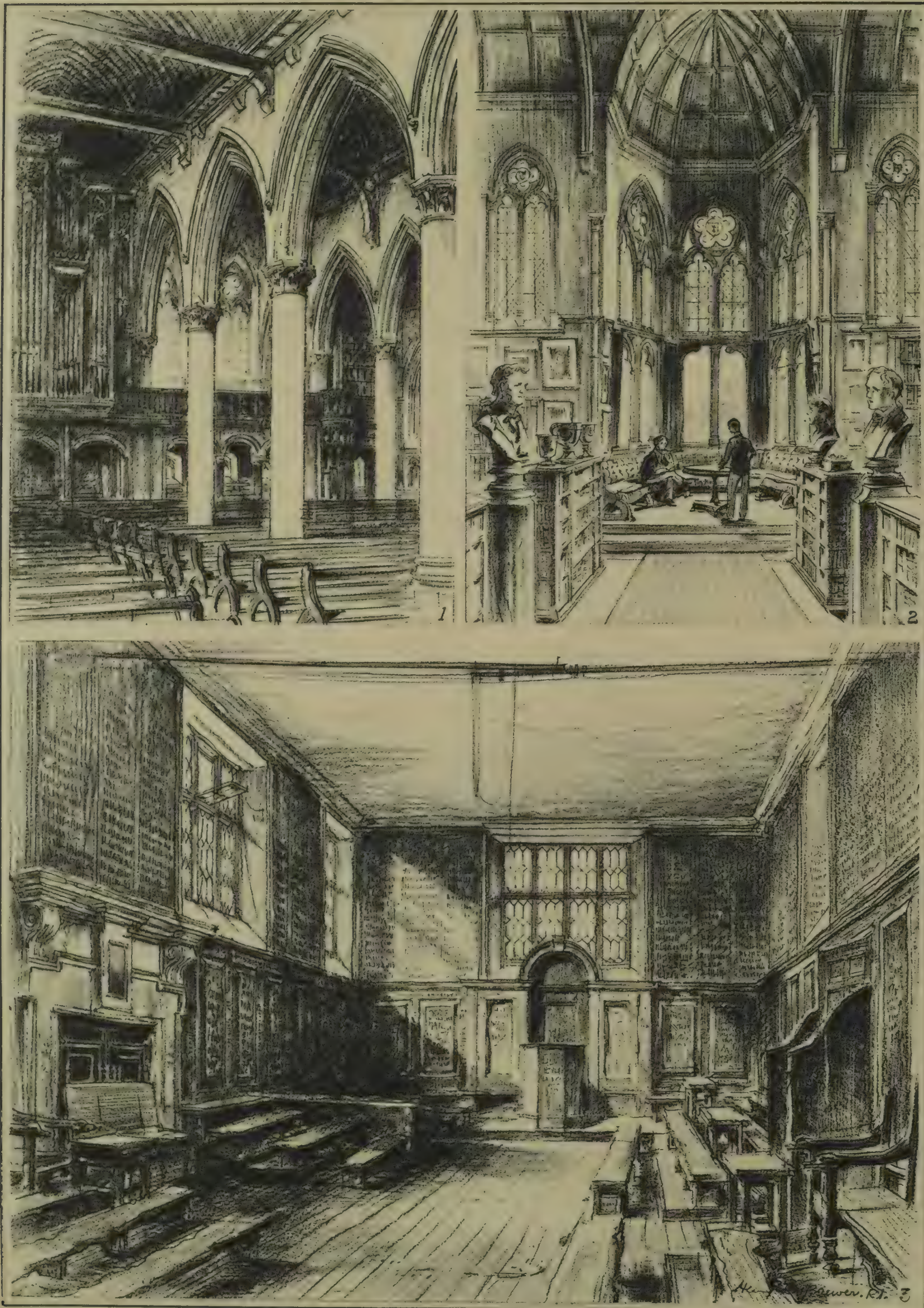


(2) THE OLD SCHOOL AND CHAPEL, FROM THE TERRACE; (3) SPEECH ROOM; (4) MEMORIAL LIBRARY, CHAPEL, AND CLASS-ROOMS, FROM THE TERRACE; (5) SCHOOL CRICKET FIELD.

Harrovian dialect corruption of "Duck-puttle," a name transferred from the old school bathing pond used previous to 1810. Byron is traditionally reputed to have learned to swim the Hellespont in the original Ducker. The present bathing-place has been twice modernised, re-shaped and enlarged. "Druries" is the name for a group of houses occupied by assistant masters as boarding-houses for over a hundred and fifty years. During the first half of the nineteenth century they were occupied in succession by two celebrated house-masters, Henry and Benjamin Drury. The old name still continues, although later masters have ruled at "Druries." Until 1863, the cricket field was the Church Field, now the site of the racket court and gymnasium. Then eight acres were taken near the present Sixth Form ground. At intervals since, more ground has been acquired, forming the present School Cricket Field.

AT HARROW: CHAPEL; LIBRARY; ORIGINAL SCHOOL-ROOM.

DRAWINGS SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY HENRY C. BREWER, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



"STET FORTUNA DOMUS"—HARROW'S MOTTO: INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, LOOKING WEST; (2) A RECESS IN THE VAUGHAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY; (3) FOURTH-FORM ROOM—THE OLD SCHOOL, WITH HARROVIANS' NAMES CUT IN THE PANELS.

The chapel, as rebuilt in 1857, as has been said, contains the Crimean and South African War Memorials to Harrovians. In the Fourth Form Room, which dates from 1611, among the multitude of names cut on the panels are those of Byron, Sir Robert Peel, Sheridan, and Lord Palmerston. The foundation-stone

of the Great War Memorial was laid on Founders' Day (October 6) last year by the Archbishop of Canterbury, an Old Harrovian. The Memorial Buildings will stand south of the Speech-room, between the Old Schools and Chapel, and will contain a shrine bearing over six hundred names of Harrovians who fell.

A CAMBODIAN NIGHT AT MARSEILLES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CLAIR GUYOT.



MIMING AN OLD LEGEND BEFORE A MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR: THE CAMBODIAN BALLET,
AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

Our page illustrates one of the most beautiful fêtes ever given at a large exhibition, and shows the Cambodian Ballet miming an old legend before the model of the Temple of Angkor, constructed at Marseilles for the Colonial Exhibition. Angkor (or Nagara Thom) was formerly the capital of Cambodia, and its ruins are among

the greatest architectural curiosities in the world. The huge Pagoda erected at Marseilles formed a wonderful background for the Cambodian Ballet, and the scene was extremely beautiful. The ballet chosen was the story of Prince Seryavong and of the beautiful Botum, a tale of the time of the Khmers.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE SEASON'S END: COWES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY THE LATE CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, A.R.A.

Copyright.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

III.—THE RIGHT HON. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.

PUBLIC life, as they quaintly term the most private of the professions, is a queer business, proceeding mainly by contraries. One had been led to expect a certain inversion from an assembly which reserves the title of Speaker for its one silent member; and the expectation is richly satisfied. Ladies force their way into it on the strength (if one states the Feminist point correctly) of their strong resemblance to gentlemen, and proceed, on their arrival, to arch demonstrations of femininity. Old gentlemen devote their declining years to furthering (under King George V.) a representative selection of the causes in opposition to which they died (under King Edward VII.) in a network of last ditches. The whole atmosphere of politics is richly charged with Gilbertian possibilities, and the best of the joke is that so few people see it.

Even when a politician has virtues (and the case is not unknown), they are mainly negative. His fellow-countrymen from time to time select a new Prime Minister for the single and compelling reason that he is not the last Prime Minister. It was, to the public mind, the sole virtue of Mr. Gladstone that he was not Lord Beaconsfield; it was the proudest boast of Lord Salisbury that he was not Mr. Gladstone; it is the political stock-in-trade of quite a number of living gentlemen that they are not Mr. Lloyd George. But perhaps the most impressive demonstration of these somewhat negative qualifications for high office is to be found in the circumstances attending the political advent of Mr. Bonar Law. His earlier phases had been somewhat obscure; a minor appointment in Mr. Balfour's administration had left the Southern public, always slow to grasp the niceties of Caledonian nomenclature, under the impression that he was a misprint; the fiscal controversy enabled him to display a certain facility in dialectical arithmetic. But when the Conservative Party was stung to insurrection in 1911 by the dark suspicion that its leader was capable, in violation of the decencies of English public life, of seeing both sides of a question, Mr. Law was elevated to the leadership. His candidature was based upon a comprehensive, an almost unprecedented, negative. It was claimed for him in those days that he was neither Mr. Austen Chamberlain nor Mr. Walter Long. The claim was a high one. If it was true, Mr. Law was quite clearly a paragon of that somewhat negative virtue which endears politicians to the hearts of their countrymen. It was the leading function of Conservative statesmen at that time not to be Mr. Asquith; and if, in addition to this negative, Mr. Law could boast that he was neither of the Opposition leaders as well, his prospects were demonstrably glowing. His record was closely scrutinised; and in the absence of any traces of hereditary right or Quarter Sessions geniality it was found that he was free from all possible imputations of being either Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand or Mr. Long on the other. It was equally clear (although the point did not arise at the time) that he was not Lord Beaconsfield or Lord Chatham; and he was selected for the leadership of his party in the happy expectation of a completely negative person. But his supporters had omitted to notice that he was Mr. Law.

Mr. Bonar Law in 1911 was a name with few connotations. His countrymen knew little of him beyond a vigorous adherence to the fiscal doctrines of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a rare capacity for speaking without notes, and an unimpressive appearance. The new leader presented the smallest possible target to the caricaturists. A harassed face and a clipped moustache were a poor substitute for the rich curves of Mr. Balfour; his hair lay shamefully close to his head; his feet (*proh pudor!*) were rarely on the despatch-box; his hands (*αἰδύων αἰδύων εἶπε*) never sought the lapels of his coat in the unforgettable, the Arthurian quest. Even his golf (for he played golf) was the recreation of a City man, where once Mr. Balfour's had been an elegant idiosyncrasy. The public mind was slow to grasp the uneventful outline of his figure; even the invention of Mr. Max Beerbohm was reduced to a couple of Scotticisms about his accent in the later taste of Doctor Johnson.

But quite gradually his reputation began to gather on the political horizon in a more positive

shape. His capacity as a fluent debater was sharpened by leadership into a tone of acerbity which harmonised admirably with the increasing bitterness of party differences in the years between the Parliament Act and the war. His manner was excellently adapted to the leadership of an acrimonious Opposition, and the Scottish mannerism of emphasising every word in a sentence passed unnoticed in the days when it was the sole duty of a Unionist leader to emphasise every word that he spoke. Those were the brave days of heroics about Ulster; and if Mr. Law's slighter utterance seemed to sound almost treble to Sir Edward Carson's bass, his resolute guidance of a delighted party towards the last ditch was a contribution lacking perhaps in originality, but of genuine significance to the history of Ireland. There can be little doubt that in 1914 Mr. Law saved his countrymen from the menace of a constitutional Ireland at their gates, and in that moment of triumph his adjustment of the Irish problem was stereotyped for five years by the timely outbreak of war.



A GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN: THE RT. HON. A. BONAR LAW, P.C., LL.D.

Mr. Bonar Law was born at New Brunswick, on September 16, 1858, son of the Rev. James Law, and Eliza, daughter of William Kidston, of Glasgow. He first became a Member of Parliament in 1900, when he was elected to represent the Blackfriars Division of Glasgow, in the Unionist interest. Two years later he held his first office, as Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade. He resigned the Leadership of the House of Commons last year. Formerly, he was a member of the firm of William Kidston and Sons and William Jacks and Co., both iron-merchants, of Glasgow.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Historians, with the advantage (as well as the greater comfort) of living after the event, rarely fail to appreciate a war. It gives tone to a period. It affords opportunities for vivid description, for dramatic characterisation, which are sadly lacking in those less eventful ages in which quite a large proportion of the civil population are permitted to die in their beds. Figures in war-time have a way of looming up grandly in outline against the red blaze of the world, of casting long shadows in the hard light of the conflagration, of looking uncommonly well in those Estimates and Appreciations in which they are customarily embalmed by a simple-minded posterity. Recent memory is overcrowded with examples of harmless gentlemen "caught," as a mild-eyed French Ambassador wrote of his alarming experiences in 1870, "in the front row in an immense and painful national catastrophe," and deriving from their awkward situation an added impressiveness. They could never have found it in a more normal career; but, seen against the vivid background of war, the little figures throw longer shadows. The meekest of us can manage to look effective on the Brocken. The glare, the cries, the queer shapes help a man somehow to strike a bolder attitude; strange lights play on him, and his

shadow falls across history with a sharper outline. That, or something like it, seems, as one studies the recent past, to have come to Mr. Bonar Law in war-time. Dexterity with fiscal figures will not pass a man into Valhalla, and the dapper gentleman who sat in Mr. Balfour's seat seemed scarcely to have passed beyond the eminence of a respectable partisan. But as an honourable leader of Opposition standing behind ministers when they took a sudden, dreadful plunge, a party leader taking his followers into a Ministry of All the Talents, and a minister serving with surprising loyalty under a Premier whom he had consistently reviled, his figure begins to gain from the growing wildness of political scenery in time of war, until at last he emerges into the bright light of the later stages, with his patient manner and his anxious eye, as the second citizen in England. History, which has forgotten the names of two of the three Consuls of the French Republic, may fumble a little to remember Mr. Bonar Law. If it does, he will be the victim of his own genius for collaboration, to which his country owes more than his reputation. Yet he leaves a name for unselfishness in war time politics, when protestations of self-sacrifice are far more numerous than examples of it.

As a type he possesses an even larger significance. England in war-time was obsessed with a queer taste in masters. Foreigners might have recourse to the obvious expedient of government by persons of official experience, by soldiers with a professional familiarity with war, or by administrators with a professional familiarity with government. But this timorous course made no appeal to England; and the adventurous mood which sends her bank-clerks scrambling up mountains in Switzerland set the public mind searching for an unproved lode of statesmanship in the City. There was a quest, beside which the quest of the Grail is an exact science, for national leaders among the business men. A kind (but, it is to be feared, a purely temporary) oblivion covered the sad fact that their intelligence had made a pitiable failure of the one public problem of which they had previously had charge—of the relations of employers with their workpeople—and all England went eagerly through the commercial world, searching for men of Push (as the old phrase ran) and Go. They came; they pushed; and, fortunately, in almost every case they went. The brief experiment of business men in public office was not, one fears, successful. For a short, glorious interlude there was a rich flavour of cigars in Whitehall, and the long automobiles stood respectfully outside the doors of Ministries. But as the Honours Lists slowly filled with unfamiliar names, the gentlemen who had been swept into public life by cheering crowds were bowed quietly out to the City again by the College of Heralds.

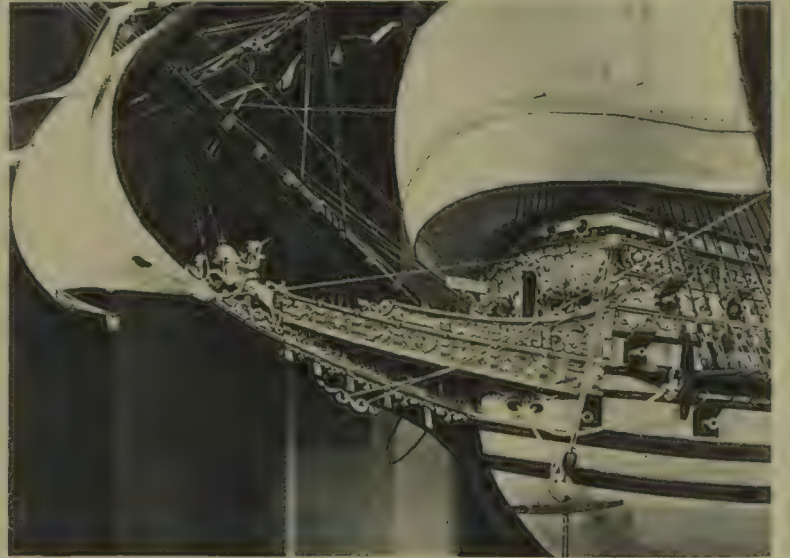
Yet there was sense, as there is always sense, in the popular choice. It was imperative, when the world was convulsed with the horror of war, that the nation's course should be steered by impassive hands, by helmsmen unaware of the great icebergs looting behind the fog, by persons bereft by nature of all imagination. A more sensitive intelligence might set the hands shaking, and there was a sudden call for stolidity. It was to be found in board-rooms, and there the nation found it. Mr. Law was a clear type of the business man in politics. There had been business men at Westminster before. Mr. Chamberlain had scared the subjects of Queen Victoria by making screws. But he early ceased, even Mr. W. H. Smith had ceased to apply the routine intelligence of business to public affairs. They had become public men. The need in war-time was for the heavier touch of business, and it was nowhere better seen than in the direct simplicity with which Mr. Law and his friends handled the helm. Perhaps they knew, perhaps they did not know, what they were doing. Perhaps it was better that they should not. Their statues, when we come to erect them, will not look impressive, because no sculptor is any good at trousers; and it is not an easy thing to put railway managers in togas. But, in spite of their spectacular disadvantages, they will cut quite a figure in history, and somewhere near the head of the commercial *Sieges-Allee* will come the spare figure of Mr. Bonar Law.

THE £41,000 WOODEN SHIP MODELLED: "THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE" OF NEW YORK.



"THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF WOODEN SHIPS, WHEN IN COMMISSION: PAYNE'S ENGRAVING OF 1640.



AS MODELLED IN ELABORATE DETAIL BY MR. H. B. CULVER: THE CARVED-WORK PROW ORNAMENTATION AND FIGURE-HEAD.



BEARING CHARLES THE FIRST'S CROWN AND CIPHER: A MODEL GUN—ORIGINAL DESIGN.

NO finer old-time man-of-war model has probably ever been constructed than that here illustrated and described. The model has been made within the past three years in America for Mr. Thomas A. Howell. It is the handiwork of Mr. H. B. Culver, assisted by Mr. Paul Chalfin. It represents the famous "Sovereign of the Seas" (or "Royal Sovereign") of 1637, the most famous vessel of the seventeenth century, built at a cost—enormous for those days—of nearly £41,000, exclusive of armament, rigging, and equipment.



AS MOUNTED ON THE DECKS INSIDE THE MODEL: A BROADSIDE GUN ON ITS CARRIAGE.



AS IT STANDS NOW WITHIN A GLASS CASE IN THE OWNER'S HALL: THE MODEL FULLY RIGGED AND WITH COLOURS FLYING.



A MONUMENT TO THE MODEL-MAKER'S SKILL AND ACCURACY: THE STERN AND QUARTER OF THE COMPLETED MODEL.

On the working drawings for the model, to scale, being finished, a wooden core, slightly smaller than the hull, was made in removable sections. Over this was built the stem, sternpost, keel and ribs of the model, and outer planking, 1-8-in. thick, nailed on. Removing the core, the lower decks with gun-carriages, each perfect in detail, and bulk-heads, were placed. A hundred and more miniature cannon, of brass as used then, each with a crown and royal cipher and fancy designs moulded on it, were mounted. Each model cannon on the lower or main fighting decks is 2 7/16 in. long. The fore-castle, quarter-deck, and poop were

then fitted over. The details of the elaborate ornamentation of the stern and along the sides, and of the intricately carved projecting beak, or prow, with its equestrian figure-head, representing King Edgar of Saxon times trampling down seven conquered kings, were made piece by piece. Each ornament or decoration was modelled in plasterlene; then gelatine moulds were made from each, and duplicate plaster casts taken, from which wood-carvers finally worked. The hull-colouring, masting, rigging and flags are copied in every point from contemporary sources, no pains being spared to attain the utmost possible historic accuracy.

THE BIGGEST DIAMOND "RUSH" IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE GREAT RUN TO PEG CLAIMS AT MOSESBERG.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



ASSEMBLING TO LINE UP FOR THE "RUSH": DIGGERS, PEGS IN HAND, BEFORE THE "PROCLAMATION."



DECLARING THE DIGGINGS OPEN: THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL IN CHARGE OF THE DIGGINGS READING THE "PROCLAMATION."



TO WARN OFF DIGGERS: CLAIMS ALLOTTED TO THE WHITENED CAIRNS ON DISCOVERER OF DIAMONDS.



A LIKELY PLACE FOR "FINDS": PEGGING CLAIMS IN A DRIED-UP RIVER BED.



A "DUG-OUT" FINISHED BEFOREHAND AND READY FOR WORKING: ONE OF LOCAL DISCOVERER'S "OWNER CLAIMS."



DRESSED FOR THE RACE! A "RUNNER" IN SHORTS.



A TYPICAL DIAMOND FIELD RUSH IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE WILD SCAMPER OF DIGGERS TO THE SITE OF A "FIND." OF THE PROCLAMATION.



MAKING USE OF HIS SON: A YOUNG "SPORT" FROM KIMBERLEY, WHO PEGGED A CLAIM FOR HIS FATHER.



KEEPING AN EYE ON A GROUP OF DIGGERS DISPUTING A CLAIM: ONE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE ON DUTY.



A "BOSS" AND HIS "BOYS": A DIGGER WITH HIS TEAM OF KAFFIRS GETTING QUICKLY TO WORK.



THE "RITZ" OF THE EVENING RENDEZVOUS.



DIAMOND FIELD, THE "MOSESBERG CAFE." PREPARED FOR A PROLONGED STAY: ONE OF THE DIGGERS' FAMILY CARAVANS WITH HOUSEHOLD BELONGINGS.



DIGGERS' QUARTERS ON THE DIAMOND FIELD: TYPICAL SHANTIES OF IRON AND CANVAS, SIDE BY SIDE.

The great "rush" to the diamond field at Mosesberg, sixty miles north west of Kimberley, on June 8, is described as the biggest in the history of the South African alluvial diamond diggings. Twenty thousand people, men and women, are computed to have been at the start, coming from all parts of South Africa. It will probably be the last to be witnessed in the Union, as the law regarding alluvial fields is to be altered. The results are said to have been disappointing, and most of the diggers have now left. A lucky find of diamonds reported to be worth £30,000 on a farm started the rush. Its incidents, in sequence as they occurred for the most part, are illustrated here. They also represent normal conditions in a "rush." First, the diggers who have registered to "peg," or mark out, claims, line up. At Mosesberg four white flags in a valley, two miles long by one wide, marked the space where the diggers marshalled for the purpose. Then a Government official, beside a flag-pole, reads the proclamation opening the diggings. As he ends, down comes the

flag, and off race the diggers to find "likely places," and hammer in pegs marking each claim. Certain places at Mosesberg, as elsewhere at all diggings, were prohibited. By law, before diggings are opened, fifty claims are allotted to, and marked by, the owner of the property where the diamonds have been discovered with cairns of whitened stones. Diggers pegging there are trespassers and have to remove. At Mosesberg, as usual, mounted police were everywhere in evidence to prevent disputed claims leading to rows. Also, as usual, diggers who could afford it brought Kaffir boys to dig for them. Following the diggers came a medley of vehicles, carts, caravans, and some motor-cars, laden with a jumble of household goods and materials for building shanties as living-quarters. The straggling and temporary township so created had as its social centre the "Mosesberg Café," shown in one photograph. There, night after night, the diggers assembled to talk over the doings of the day, compare notes, and make bargains—possibly the unlucky ones to "cadge" for drinks.



THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE KING and Queen took lovely weather with them to Glorious Goodwood, for out of one of the blackest and most unpromising of Monday mornings came a fine afternoon, and a fresh, sweet, bright opening morning for the race-meeting which is the *raison d'être* of the great assemblage up on the Downs in the midst of some of England's loveliest sylvan scenery. It opened gloriously with, I believe, a record attendance for the first day. The King and Queen did not enter by the glass-roofed path to the Duke's Stand, as the King has usually done, but came by the Prince's Drive to the Royal Stand, and a number of people who had assembled as usual missed seeing their Majesties enter, but did see the ducal house-party, all of whom came that way. The Queen looked very handsome and very happy; I believe that she has made herself like racing. She wore a dead-white *crêpe-de-Chine* dress with wide insertion of embroidery on the skirt, and the bodice and sleeves also embroidered. Her Majesty's hat was white lisse embroidered with cream-coloured straw, and raised high in front like a Russian diadem, having an aigrette of white cut ostrich feathers in the centre. Beside the Queen in the motor-car sat the Duchess of Northumberland, in delicate pale silver-grey *crêpe marocain*, draped and untrimmed. A very wide-brimmed orchid mauve hat was worn, with two long uncurled ostrich feathers stretching out beyond the brim.

With the Queen a great deal was the Countess of Jersey, who was in pale-grey *crêpe-de-Chine* elaborately embroidered, and wearing a bright red, thin straw hat, also large tinted tortoiseshell-framed glasses. There was no party at Petworth, as Lady Leconfield, who has been abroad and far from well, is now doing a cure at home. The Countess of Wilton had a party at Lord Winterton's place, Shillingtree, which she took for the week. She looked very well in dark-blue *crêpe marocain* embroidered in dull red and yellow, and wearing a light-brown hat with flame-coloured flowers on the brim. Her guests included the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Lord and Lady Stanley, and Lady de Trafford, who did not come racing the first day, preferring to watch polo at Cowdray Park.

Many people at Goodwood were intrigued over Princess Djemaludin, who is tall, apparently British, and who was splendidly apparelled—on the first day wholly in white. The Prince was there also, and had a house-party at Lavant House, which he took for the week, and his reserved seat had "H.R.H." on it. Possibly, like the Maharajah of Pudukota, he is an Eastern potentate with an English wife. She is a tall and rather graceful woman; I did not see him. Lady

side of the stand smart people go to be fed, for there are the luncheon tents and their toothsome contents; but when fed, like the beggars, they go back to the Paddock. This will be more than ever marked now that the Queen saw the racing from that side. It is not etiquette at Goodwood for ladies to sit on the lawn in front of the Royal Stand; it is peopled by men. The ladies who go to the stand itself reach it by the underground passage from the Duke's Stand, and leave it only to go straight into the Paddock, and are only those staying at Goodwood House. Yet one would

bride's four sisters, Lady Blandford, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. de Trafford, were all included in the possessors of good looks. There was Lady Brecknock too, looking lovely; Mrs. Violet de Trafford, who will soon be Mrs. Menzies; Lady Katharine Hamilton, and Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon, all beauties; and in the elder generation, Lady Meux herself, Lady Mar and Kellie, Countess Beauchamp, and lots of others. No one could look round and not feel that British women have in no wise lost their tradition of good looks. It was pleasant to observe, too, that little adventitious aid was resorted to!

Wednesday was a dull, cool day at Goodwood, and coats and skirts were in the ascendant. The Queen kept her long grey cloth cloak on all the time over a pretty grey silk embroidered dress of which one was sorry not to see more. The cloak was a graceful one, and had a deep collar of oxydised grey silk embroidery. Her Majesty also wore a sable tie, and a hat of blue and purple tissue veiled with chiffon in these shades, and having a brim faced with pink and pale-purple satin roses also veiled in blue and purple. I thought that the Queen was enjoying the fresh air and lovely surroundings; she looked so happy and animated; and the King was also in splendid spirits and looked very well. His Majesty is always about the best-turned-out man at every race-meeting he attends. On Wednesday he wore a rough dark-blue suit and a black bowler hat, and had his favourite button-hole—a white carnation.

Thursday, the popular one for the Goodwood Meeting, broke beautifully fine—blue skies, fleecy white clouds, bright sunshine. Consequently, thin and pretty summer dresses were more numerous, and again the Queen had a lovely summer gown and hat. Wraps were kept in readiness, and there were times when they proved useful, for the breeze blows shrewdly across the Downs. Friday is a favourite day with the *élite*; there is no crowd, and the pleasure of racing can be conveniently indulged. After the races their Majesties and Prince George, who had joined them, motored to Southampton, and dined and slept on the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, steaming over to



A SMART LITTLE HAT.

It is designed and made by Zyrot, 18, Grafton Street, W., which is a recommendation in itself, and is of black marocain, with flame chiffon velvet on the brim. The ear-rings are of Oriental oxydised silver.

think that a few pretty women in their best clothes would decorate it!

Many a name is given to colours in these days. Some are just old friends re-christened to bring them up to date, as it were. About the modernity of one submitted to me the other day there is no room for doubt. A rosy hue was described as "Lipstick" pink. About its undesirability there is no room for doubt either. I notice a more natural appearance in the lips of our ladies, and rejoice so to do, for the practice of rubbing coloured greasy stick on them never seemed to me to accord with the dainty faces to which the lips belonged.

Excellent advice is very frequently offered to women, now that they have a part in the affairs of State, by men. Mr. Lovat Fraser tells us to use our votes for the benefit of our own sex, and very good counsel too. The sad and solemn truth is, however, that ten women out of every twelve would rather use their influence for the benefit of husband, son, father, or brother, than for their own. After all, that is pointed out as the true way of happiness—forget self and think of others—and I believe women do it more often than men, and consequently, take us all round, that we are happier than men.

The last big wedding of the season was that of Mr. J. Little Gilmour, Grenadier Guards, only son of Brigadier-General and Lady Susan Gilmour, to the Hon. Victoria Cadogan, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and of the Hon. Lady Meux. Queen Alexandra was to have been present, but was rather upset by the news of her great-nephew, Prince Knud of Denmark, having pneumonia on his ship at Dartmouth, and his mother the Queen of Denmark hurrying over to be with him. Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles were at the wedding, also the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud. Never was there a prettier group of wedding attendants, none of them over six, and all of them, six girls and two boys, in white and silver. Whether they all sat down near the chancel steps on their own initiative, or whether someone told them so to do, I cannot say, but a prettier little cluster of innocent and lovely childhood surely was never seen. The bride and bridegroom are a handsome young couple, and there were such a lot of pretty girls and women present. The



THE ORIENTAL INFLUENCE.

A turban in deep burnt amber and faded-green tapestry. Beaded embroidery hangs on either side. It comes from Zyrot.

Blandford, Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, and the Hon. Mrs. de Trafford were all at the races, having married their youngest sister with great *éclat* on the last Saturday of the season. Major Combe escorted his pretty wife, Lady Moira, who looked delightful in grey chiffon and grey lace, and a pretty grey hat. Everybody who is anybody seemed to be somewhere in the Goodwood surroundings, but the side blessed by social approval is the Paddock. To the wood at the right



THE GRACE OF DRAPERY.

Of apricot and gold scarabian broché, the charm of this evening gown lies in the simplicity of its line. Its creator is De Ban, 18, Grafton Street, W.

Cowes on Saturday morning. This week is a gay one there, despite the fact that the King's *Britannia* is not competing. His Majesty will get some racing under sail, which he greatly enjoys. There are dinners almost every evening on the royal yacht, on which the Duke of Connaught is a guest, and much entertaining ashore and afloat. Next week I shall write more about it.

A. E. L.

WORN BY AN EMPRESS? T'ANG PERIOD HAIR ORNAMENTS.

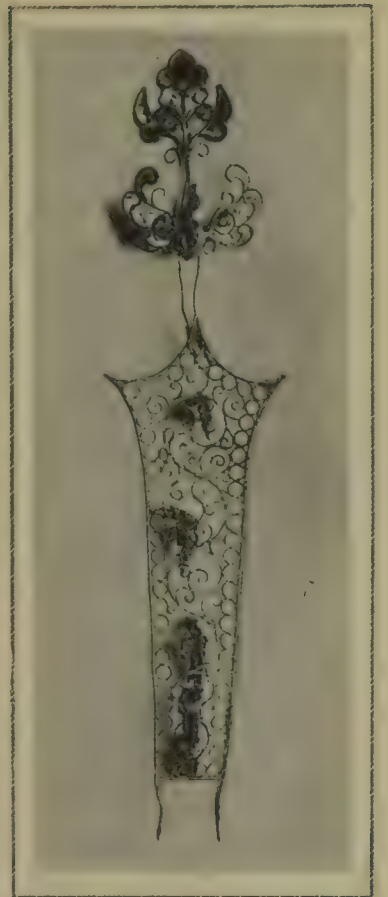
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



SEVENTH-NINTH CENTURY A.D.:
A SIDE SPRAY.



POSSIBLY FROM THE TOMB OF AN EMPRESS: THE CENTRE PIECE
OF THE HAIR ORNAMENT.



SEVENTH-NINTH CENTURY A.D.:
A SIDE SPRAY.



PLACED BESIDE A SPRAY:
A SIDE ORNAMENT.



PLACED BESIDE A SPRAY:
A SIDE ORNAMENT.



BELIEVED TO BE FROM A CASKET CONTAINING THE HAIR-ORNAMENTS: SILVER INLAY.

This gold jewellery and the silver inlays are certainly of the T'ang period, and may come from the tomb of an Empress, although the "proof" of this is not convincing. They have been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The pieces of five hair-ornaments and a number of rosettes and small floral sprays have been reassembled. The rosettes and the flowers were probably sewn on garments or head-dresses. The five pieces had been mounted on bronze supports of which some are of the nature of hair-pins. The unpierced pearls

which were found with the jewellery have been placed in the centres of the flowers. These pearls and the small pierced ones belonging to the hangers have lost very little of their colour and brilliancy, though decayed to the point that the least pressure reduces them to powder. The groundwork of the design and some of the borders are covered with tiny gold beads. The restoration, as seen, is tentative; probably, but not certainly, correct. In any event, the find of these hair-ornaments of such antiquity cannot fail to be of great interest.

THE OPENING OF THE STAG-HUNTING SEASON ON

DRAWN BY



THE TUFTERS, THE HUNTSMAN, AND THE HARBOURER AT WORK: GOING

The opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham this year was fixed for August 2. Describing his picture, our artist notes: "Great crowds of visitors congregate on the meet field to watch the opening proceedings. The 'ball' is a natural stage set in the amphitheatre of the hills, and the earlier phases of the hunt can be watched in comfort by the pedestrians. Although the executive do their best to provide a good hunt to start the season, the time of year (which is usually very hot), the immense crowds, and the fat condition of the deer all militate against the chance of a good run. My picture shows the 'tufters' with the huntsman (E. Bawden), and the harbourer (F. Goss), going out to draw the big Horner covers for a warrantable

EXMOOR: WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

LIONEL EDWARDS.



OUT TO DRAW THE HORNER COVERS FOR A WARRANTABLE DEER.

deer, the pack meanwhile being kennelled in the farm buildings in the background. There is usually a great rush on 'teas' provided at the farm at prices suitable to the occasion; but many people picnic in the woods and heather, and their carelessness with broken bottles (it is a regrettable fact) is usually responsible for the laming and even death of more than one good hound and gallant horse almost every year!" Two technicalities may be explained: The "harbourer" attends the meet to report where a warrantable stag—one over four years old—has his lair. The "tufters" are hounds—seldom more than four couples—taken by the huntsman to the reported lair of the stag, to rouse the deer.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.



MUSIC IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT is difficult to understand why painters, curators of picture galleries, and connoisseurs of painting should be desirous of having music played in public galleries. One can quite realise that the idea appeals to musicians. They would turn every place into a concert hall if they had their way. What else do they exist for? They do not paint pictures, and possibly they cannot imagine why a number of beautiful rooms, admirably furnished (with pictures!) should be simply left for people to stroll vacantly about in. And at the public expense, too! What waste of space and time! Such an opportunity for musical propaganda ought not to be neglected. What could be more appropriate than the utilisation of those public buildings for the musical education of the people? Presumably we cannot afford a National Concert Hall, so why should there be a National Gallery? In what way are painters superior to musicians, that they should have this immense public building in the centre of London devoted solely to their art? It is obviously preposterous. Nevertheless, it is strange that the Director of the National Gallery should have recognised the undue favouritism of his art by the nation, and have made haste to redress the balance on his own initiative, for there has been no public complaint by the country's musical leaders. Not one of them has clamoured for concerts in the National Gallery, in the Tate Gallery, in the British Museum, or in the home of the Wallace Collection. Perhaps they did not know that these places exist. We have to remember that that is possible. Still, it is remarkable that the notion of turning our public galleries into concert halls should have occurred to Sir C. J. Holmes, rather than to any of our musicians. But perhaps, now that he has led the way, they will follow, and we shall live to see the Queen's Hall turned into a picture gallery. Exhibitions of modern art will be held there in order to attract people to the Symphony Concerts.

It will be objected that the Director of the National Gallery is not seeking in any way to turn it into a concert hall; he is merely, you may think, allowing occasional performances of music to entice people into the building and enliven the atmosphere. Some may even imagine that music will stimulate the public and put people into the right mood for looking at pictures. Those who think so will argue that it is difficult for the average man or woman to make the right approach to a picture. Something is needed to throw them out of the mechanism of their ordinary daily life: the charm of soft music, vaguely sounding as from a distance, it is argued, will effect this. It will prove the "Sesame" opening the doors of the palace of pictorial art to those who have hitherto been unable to see them.

Well, this is one of those plausible but specious arguments that we are peculiarly prone to in modern life. Only our general muddle-headedness and haziness of thought enables it to gain credence for a moment. The fact is that it is impossible to listen to music and to look at pictures simultaneously if you are either really looking or really hearing. It is even doubtful whether, in merely strolling through the National Gallery and glancing casually from side to side, you would leave with a more pleasant general impression were your perambulation accompanied by music. There is a pleasure in the stillness and composure of a spacious picture gallery which is extraordinarily soothing after the restlessness and noise of a city's traffic. Music may be a divine noise, but it is a noise, and

it can be extremely distracting and disturbing. It is very exhausting to listen to music, and it is very exhausting to look at pictures: the idea that it will be easier to do both these things simultaneously is at bottom a cynical conception based on the fact that by giving people the two tasks to perform at once, their failure to perform either will be hidden from them.

After all, this desire to make good things easy is one of the most deplorable fashions of our time. It is a part of the democratic instinct of the age, but the theory of it is completely fallacious. Books are written on music, on the fine arts, and on poetry,

other words, with the dry husks of vanished perceptions. I do not say that what the man in the street needs is more emotion; I am no champion of mere emotion; but I do say that he needs more perception. You do not make his perception of a picture richer by playing music to him while he is looking at it, and any musician will tell you that, in order to listen to music properly, you should close your eyes. Even Wagner—who gave such elaborate settings to his operas and demanded such an amount of scenic manipulation that it has taxed the resources of the stage ever since—even he advised some friends at Bayreuth not to bother about what was happening on the stage, but to listen to what was going on in the orchestra.

Therefore I think the experiment of playing music or of giving concerts in public picture galleries is a completely false step, and one that should not be encouraged. Either the music must be so hidden away and subordinated that it has no more effect than rain falling on the roof—in which case it cannot be expected to appeal to musicians—or it must reduce the pictures to complete aesthetic invisibility. Granted that to the majority of people music is without meaning and pictures are invisible, I would ask why the few who can see and hear should be prevented from doing either?

Education is one of the greatest curses of the age. I am writing this from Germany. I have just been to the Cologne picture gallery, which is one of the dulllest collections of pictures in the world, yet it contains a good deal of work that has genuine aesthetic interest. However, as I sat in the gallery I saw a party of German students—boys of about sixteen or seventeen—being conducted through the rooms by some professor. He was giving them a historical lecture, and I suddenly realised that it was merely as subject-matter for historical lectures that the majority of those pictures maintained a fictitious life. Aesthetically they had no life whatever. No one could get any direct aesthetic perception of value from them, for they were mere anecdotes, stories illustrated with a painful literality now to be studied with a literality equally painful. The historian, the antiquary, the chronicler, all found material in them for the exercise of their functions, and that was what education had produced! It had evolved an intellectual method of dodging life, of escaping from first-hand perceptions into a dry, mechanical operation of memory. This, I am sure, is all that education (I am speaking of what is called culture, not of craft training) does for the majority of the educated. It fills the mind with formulas and the mouth with *clichés*.

To-day there are more people in the world than there have ever been before who know what Sonata Form means, but does that knowledge make them better listeners? Unfortunately, it does not. Any really musical person will tell you that it does not matter a bit whether you know what Sonata Form is or not. For this reason: that such knowledge is the function of an entirely different part of the brain from that which apprehends and comprehends music. You cannot blend the two faculties; they are unfathomable gulfs apart. In the same way, you may be able to penetrate deeply into the spirit of painting or of poetry, and yet be totally deaf to music. Would anyone seriously argue, then, that the playing of Beethoven sonatas would increase your perception of painting? Yet it is no less ridiculous than the idea that you increase your musical perception by knowing the meaning of Sonata Form.

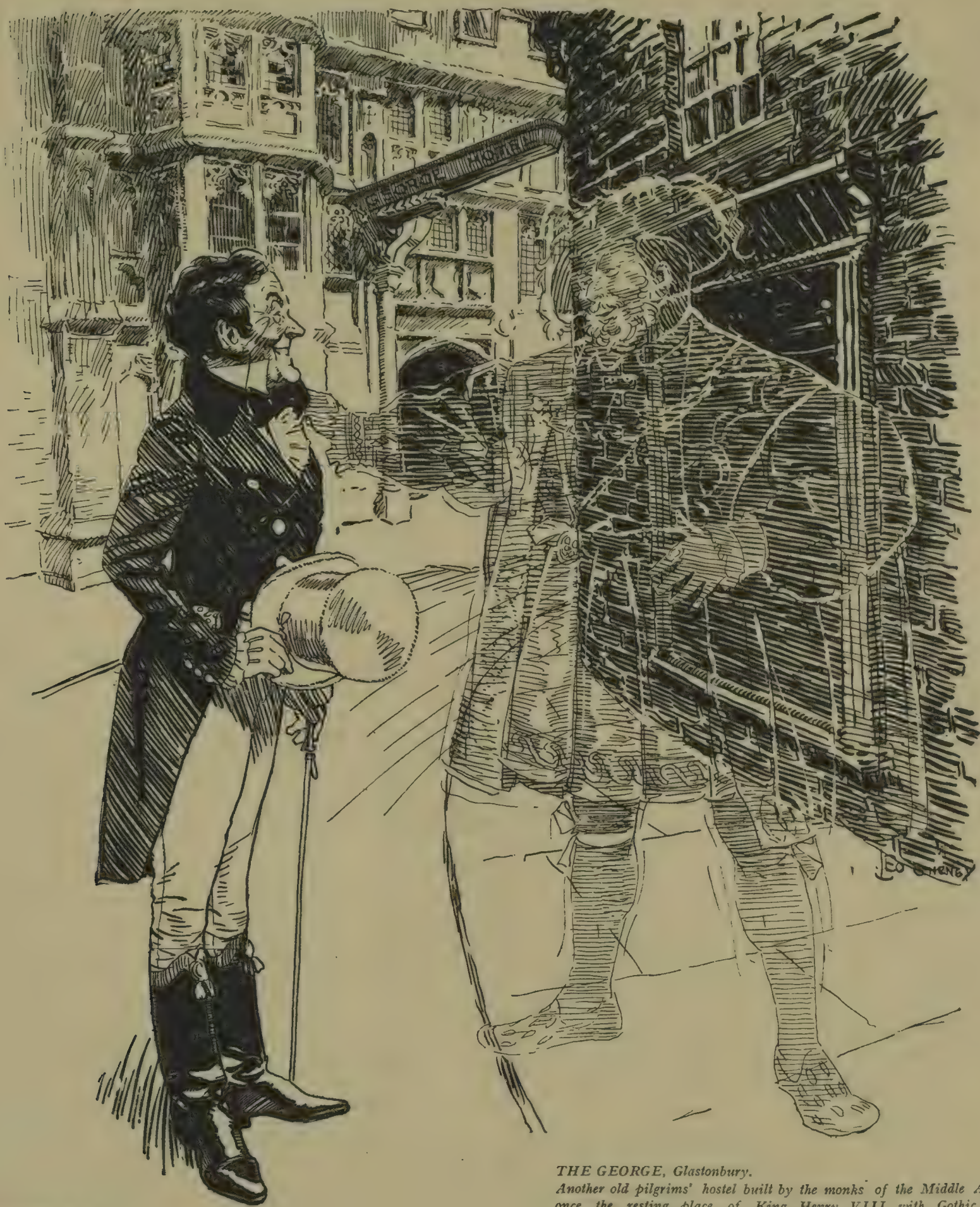


BY DONATELLO (1386-1466): "EROS": PURCHASED FOR 620 GUINEAS AND PRESENTED TO THE NATION (ACTUAL SIZE).

This bronze "Eros," by Donatello, is from the Newall Collection, which was sold at Christie's recently. It has been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the National Arts Collection Fund. At the sale, M. Jacques Seligmann, of Paris, paid 620 guineas for it, and he generously parted with it for the same amount. It had previously been exhibited at the New Gallery, at the Royal Academy, Winter Exhibition, and at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

with the avowed object of making things easy for beginners. What they do is to give the reader a substitute for the real thing. Their authors wave before his eyes a genuine white rabbit which they have produced from underneath their hat, but when put into his hands it turns into a mere pocket-handkerchief. All art is recognised and enjoyed by direct perception. Some perceptions are more subtle and complex than others. You may call them more intellectual if you like, but the point is that they are sensed directly as a unique sensation, not grasped intellectually through a logical argument. Education, as it is developed in text-books and handbooks, merely familiarises the reader with certain chains of argument; it connects logically certain elementary perceptions; and its greatest danger is that it gives the illusion of knowledge without the reality. It fills the reader's mind with the ideas of others—in

Born 1820———Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 9

THE GEORGE, Glastonbury.

Another old pilgrims' hostel built by the monks of the Middle Ages, and once the resting place of King Henry VIII with Gothic frontage practically unaltered since the fifteenth century.

Shade of Henry VIII :

“ Yes, JOHNNIE WALKER, you embody all my song implied :

‘ Pastime with good company I love, and shall until I die, judge who will, but not deny ’.”

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN AQUARIUM FOR LONDON.

SO the Council of the Royal Zoological Society of London, who are the guardian angels of that Paradise we flippantly call "the Zoo," have decided that we are to have an Aquarium worthy of the name, here in London. When the project was first noised abroad, it was hailed by some with enthusiasm, by others with dismay: they counted the cost, and trembled; they surveyed the many difficulties to be overcome in successfully maintaining marine aquaria so far from the sea. These were not obstructionist objections, but such as demanded, and received, grave consideration. In the end the Council, with the Fellows behind them, decided to make the venture. Most of us believe that success will attend the scheme from the very beginning.

That Aquariums, run as commercial ventures, have invariably come to grief, is probably explained by the fact that they have never been run under scientific supervision. It is not enough, as some seem to suppose, to fill a tank with water, and put some fish in it. It is not enough even to add the further precaution of making some provision for the aeration of the water. These are merely crude beginnings. Success demands much more.

To run Aquaria on a large scale, it is, before all things, necessary that they shall be supervised in every detail by a trained biologist. He must have an intimate knowledge of aquatic plants, as well as of animals, both marine and fresh-water; and of the action and interaction of these on one another. And over and above all this, he must have a knowledge of chemistry, physics, and so on. The Marine Biological Station at Plymouth shows what can be done under scientific methods. The Council of the Zoological Society includes some very eminent men of science, and they will see to it that the Society is as well served as the Biological Station at Plymouth.

Again, we may take heart of grace. There is an Aquarium in the New York Zoo, which has been

a source of delight and wonderment to all comers for years. With such an example before us we can go forward with confidence. We ought at least to be able to do as much; we ought, and probably shall, improve upon what they have done. But they have done some very notable things. And one at least of their ventures I am anxious to see tried here at the earliest possible moment. I have before me, as I write, an account of "The Porpoise in Captivity."

whole of this time they maintained perfect health. This much was proved by the fact that they kept up a ceaseless activity, "feeding, leaping, and otherwise disporting themselves after the manner of porpoises on the high seas." Even during the night their activity scarcely slowed down!

This essay is full of most valuable observations on the ways of these creatures, but there is much left unsaid that I, for one, would like to know. Above all things, I want to see a porpoise open and close its spiracle. During the last year or two, I have dissected many cetaceans, and the strangely asymmetrical and complicated system of pouches which surround the spiracle. The precise part these play in respiration is not clear from dissection only. It should not be so very difficult to procure specimens of the common porpoise for our Aquarium. I shall not be happy till I get them!

Excepting the porpoises, I should probably find all I want to see at Plymouth. But Plymouth is a long way off. As I cannot often get down to the sea, I want its treasures brought up to London, and deposited where I can obtain ready access to them. And there are many thousands in London, to say nothing of more thousands visiting London, who will find this Aquarium to be an irresistible attraction.

I want to see *Limulus*, the King-Crab, alive; I want to see, once more, that strange creature which seems to rise so mysteriously from the dust of the earth, *Apus*, swarms of them. I want to see sea-urchins, boring burrows in chalk, as they do on Bundoran beach. How do they do it? When we get our Aquarium we shall be able to solve the mystery.

I could fill this column with a list of the things I want to see. And I am certain that they are just the things that everybody will want to see. This means that Success is impatiently waiting to preside over the Aquarium that is yet to be. We trust that she will not have long to wait. W. P. PYCRAFT.



A MID-OCEAN EXPERIENCE: AN ALBATROSS FACING THE CAMERA ABOARD A LINER.

No sailor would hurt an albatross—all the world knows what befell Coleridge's Ancient Mariner! The albatross seen here, while flying low over the Ellerman-Bucknall liner "City of Palermo," by mischance hit against the rigging and dropped into the hold, which was open, there being fruit among the cargo. It was taken up, dazed but unhurt, and was photographed as represented, an experience it underwent resignedly. Then it was released, and flew off, apparently none the worse for its adventure.

Photograph by C.N.

"The New York Aquarium," it runs, "has a school of porpoises, and lays claim to the world's best single exhibit of captive wild animals. It is fascinating to have these lively rangers of the open ocean actually dwelling in our midst!"

This "school" comprised five specimens of the Bottle-nosed Dolphin (*Tursiops truncatus*). And at the time the account was written, they had been living seven months in a circular pool, thirty-seven feet in diameter and seven feet deep. During the



Sir Kreemy Knut at the Pickwick Club.

Mr. Pickwick: "Fellow Pickwickians! In arising on this auspicious occasion to thank our illustrious new member for his remarkable gift, I take upon myself the great onus of attempting to express the well-nigh inexpressible gratitude which I see written across the smiling—not to say bulging—cheeks of every member. (Hear hear!)"

"By his present of a tin to each member, Sir Kreemy Knut has ensured the smooth-running of our club for—well, until the tins are empty! (Cheers)."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS ACTRESS-MANAGERESS IN "JANE CLEGG."

THE play with which Miss Sybil Thorndike has started management at the New Theatre, a play of the Lancashire drama school, written by Mr. St. John Ervine, answers to the once-popular description of a "slice of life." It is, in fact, a faithful transcript of the sort of life lived in many a working-class home, where the outlook is drab, no sense of beauty relieves the dull surroundings, members of the family are at the closest quarters, and human relations seem largely to consist of bickerings and quarrels. Rightly, the author gives his work the name of its long-suffering heroine, "Jane Clegg," for above the ebb and flow of petty disputes and argumentation, selfish folly and mean vices, her figure stands almost statuesque in her martyrdom of unresisting endurance. This wife and mother is a good woman, whom fate has afflicted with a faithless and unprincipled husband, noisy, squabbling children, and a mother-in-law who is always subjecting her to silly and hopelessly inconsistent criticism. Her one comfort is a small legacy, which she will not share with her scamp of a husband, and is resolved to devote to her children's education; but even with no small fraction of that she has to part in the end, for her husband appropriates one of his firm's cheques, and she makes good his default, only to find that, with the proceeds of his embezzlement, he proposes to go abroad with another woman. She lets him go without fuss, with no storm of tears, with scarcely a protest or complaint, and we see this poor victim of her temperament, a woman whose very passivity is responsible for half her sufferings, facing the future with not only two young children, but also her fatuous old mother-in-law on her hands. But for the humour which lights up a story of mean lives and redeems the frowns of its characters, the play would be depressing, because the heroine is made so irritatingly, though so truly, incapable of fighting against her misfortunes. Miss Thorndike realises the woman perfectly—with an art that compels at once admiration and belief.

We know and feel that her Jane Clegg, with her iron restraint, her tight-lipped mask, her refusal of anything in the nature of a scene or the indulgence of emotion, and yet her overpowering air of pathos, is the real Jane Clegg, whom she makes live and suffer under our eyes. Hers is a masterly performance; and fit to rank with it is Mr. Leslie Faber's full-blooded and carefully detailed study of the husband. Watch

and the final reconciliation of its lessees, Fred and Walter Melville. Written by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather (who, by the way, has a part in the piece), it is one of those odd mixtures of Cockney humour and pathos, unabashed melodrama, and anti-Bolshevik propaganda which, judged by its first-night reception, seems absolutely to the taste of Wellington Street playgoers. Moreover, it possesses the additional advantage of giving that admirably versatile actor, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, a part which enables him to show at once his sense of character, his authority and powers of declamation, and his rare mastery of pathos and of comedy. The big scene of the play, in which Old Bill and his pals, Alf and Bert, cheer up one another's spirits when imprisoned in the mine, is splendidly acted, not only by Mr. Gwenn as Old Bill, but also by Mr. Sinclair Cotter and by Mr. Lawrence Barclay. Captain Bairnsfather's drama seems in for a good run.



THE UNVEILING OF ROEHAMPTON WAR MEMORIAL ON THE VILLAGE GREEN: THE EARL OF ATHLONE SPEAKING.

The memorial was unveiled by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. The Earl of Athlone and Mr. Cecil Chapman, the Westminster Magistrate, who was Chairman of the Memorial Committee, were also present.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

his by-play—his furtive pulling at his tiny moustache, his gnawing of his cigarettes, his nervous twitches and sniffs—and you will appreciate what helps can be afforded to a dramatist by a really first-rate character-actor.

"OLD BILL, M.P." AT THE LYCEUM.

"Old Bill, M.P.," first produced in the spring of this year at the Golder's Green Hippodrome, and now put on for a run at the Lyceum, marks the return of the latter theatre to old-fashioned drama,

into the manufacture, a certain number of machines were turned out in which the angle of the spring was varied, and this caused the rollers to stick. The error was corrected as soon as discovered, and there has been no trouble since. This can readily be realised in view of the recent performance of the C.A.V. magnetos during the T.T. races, when in practice and racing the motor-cycles fitted with the C.A.V. covered over 20,000 miles without the slightest sign of trouble.

Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield, who is engaged to Lady Jane Butler, is the son of the late Rev. Stephen Bousfield, of Shelton, Nottinghamshire. He was educated at Cambridge, and in the war served with the Indian Army on the frontier and in France and Mesopotamia, being mentioned in dispatches. He is Editor of *Pears' Annual*, and is well known as a writer of short stories and verse.

Some time back C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., experienced trouble with their magnetos owing to sticking contact-breaker rollers. As the public are probably aware, the firm claim their contact-breakers cannot stick, and for many years this was absolutely correct. During the brief period above referred to, however, owing to an error which crept

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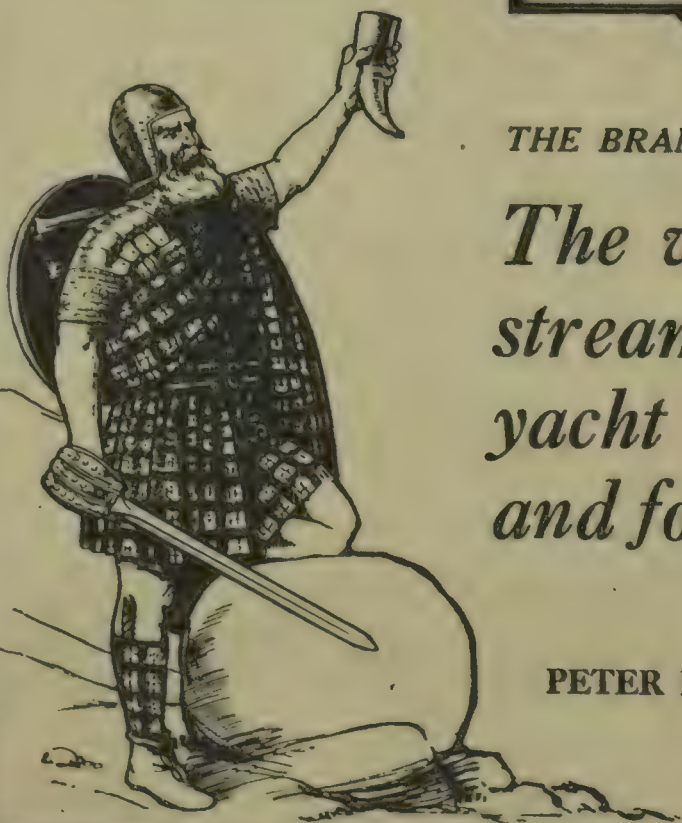
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In 1585 it was recorded of the people over whom he ruled: "of their Tobacco we found plenty, which they esteeme their chiefe Physicke. The example of the Indian Tribes was followed by those who braved their savagery—soon, "the very streets of Jamestown were sown with Tobacco" till the enterprising ancestors of the House of Wills began to make their famous Cigarettes from Tobacco cultivated with more care than Indians ever dreamed of. The "Three Castles" Chief among Virginia Cigarettes—chief in purity, in flavour, in fragrance & in capacity to govern the most fastidious appetite.

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Virginia and no better Brand than the
W.M. Thackeray "THREE CASTLES." "The Virginians"

T.C. 5.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The 40-50-h.p. Napier. It is just about a year ago that I tried the post-war Napier car, and was able to say that I made it out to be right up in the front rank of the world's best cars. A week ago I was again given an oppor-

mass—and a very fortunate fellow is the motorist who can possess it.

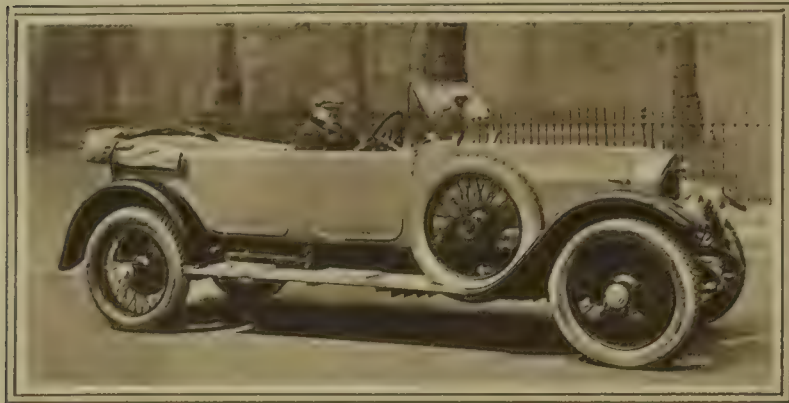
The New "Austin Seven."

A short while ago I made a brief reference to a new small car announced by the Austin Company. I have now had an opportunity of seeing this new production, which is to be known as the "Austin Seven," and it impresses me very favourably. It is a thoroughly up-to-date little vehicle, embodying such features as a four-cylinder, water-cooled motor, rated at 7.2-h.p.; three-speed gear-box with gate control, the lever being centrally placed; four-wheel brakes; and other remarkable features—remarkable, that is, in the case of so small a car. It is to be sold at the very low price of £225, complete and ready for the road. At this price it compares more than favourably with the small cars of the pre-war period, and, with the Austin name to

back it, should rapidly attain to considerable popularity among that class of the motoring community which requires a car of low first cost and small running expense. The low first cost is certainly there at the figure I have already quoted. As to the other, the manufacturers inform me that they consider the running costs should be covered by a figure represented by about 1½d. a mile. If that works out in practice—and I do not see why it should not—the "Austin Seven" ought to be just about the most economical motoring proposition ever made to the public, and will undoubtedly meet with a huge demand. I trust it will, because I regard this new car as a very sincere endeavour to provide a vehicle which will combine the excellence of British design and workmanship at a price comparable to that of the cheaper grades of American cars which have so long held the market to the exclusion of the home production.

Citroën Spares. Gaston, Ltd., announce that, as from July 24, their works and service department have been transferred from 99, Boston Road, Hanwell, to Larden Road, Acton Vale, W.3. All spare parts orders and works correspondence should accordingly now be sent to Larden Road. In addition to Citroën parts, Gastons hold stocks of spares for Selden, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Reo, and similar lorries, and will be pleased to receive inquiries. The service department at Larden Road is spacious and well equipped, and should prove of benefit to Citroën owners. Gastons, of course, have a London West End show-room for Citroën cars at 60, Piccadilly, W.1.

Why Tyres are Improving. There is not the slightest doubt that pneumatic tyres are very much better now than they were even a couple of years ago. Before the war, and since, until quite lately, we thought we were not doing at all badly if a set of tyres ran for anything over five thousand miles. Nowadays, it is comparatively common for them to outlast twice that distance, and even on occasion to give a full fifteen thousand miles of useful service. Moreover, the really wonderful manner



GREATLY IMPROVED IN DETAIL DURING THE YEAR: THE NEW 40-50-H.P. NAPIER.

tunity of trying the very latest car of the mark—a car which I am told is exactly the same as that of a year ago, but refined somewhat in detail. The closest examination fails to disclose to the eye any particular points in which these refinements have been made, but there is not the slightest question about their having been effected, for the car has an almost indefinable superiority of running over that of a year ago. I could not say exactly how, but there is a feel about the new Napier which is better than that of the older one, good as it was. It is peculiar how one's impressions of a car remain, and I can remember quite well what my impressions of a year ago were, and how they compare with those of a week since. That is why I say without hesitation that the new Napier runs rather better than its immediate predecessor. The suspension seems to be better; the engine torque is smoother, if that is possible in a case where improvement seemed scarcely within practical scope; the acceleration seems slightly better, and so on. I really do not quite know how to put it, but I make out the latest Napier to have really been improved. I doubt if even the makers could say why, but there it is. It is really a wonderful car now—almost, if not quite, the last word that can be said in the light of our knowledge and anticipations. Of course, it is a car which is only for the wealthy, and is not to be aspired to by the



A NEAT LITTLE CAR: THE NEW "AUSTIN SEVEN."

in which they withstand the terrific strains imposed by road-racing is a further testimony to the great advance which has been made by the tyre-manufacturer and his scientific staffs in the chemistry and technical

(Continued overleaf.)



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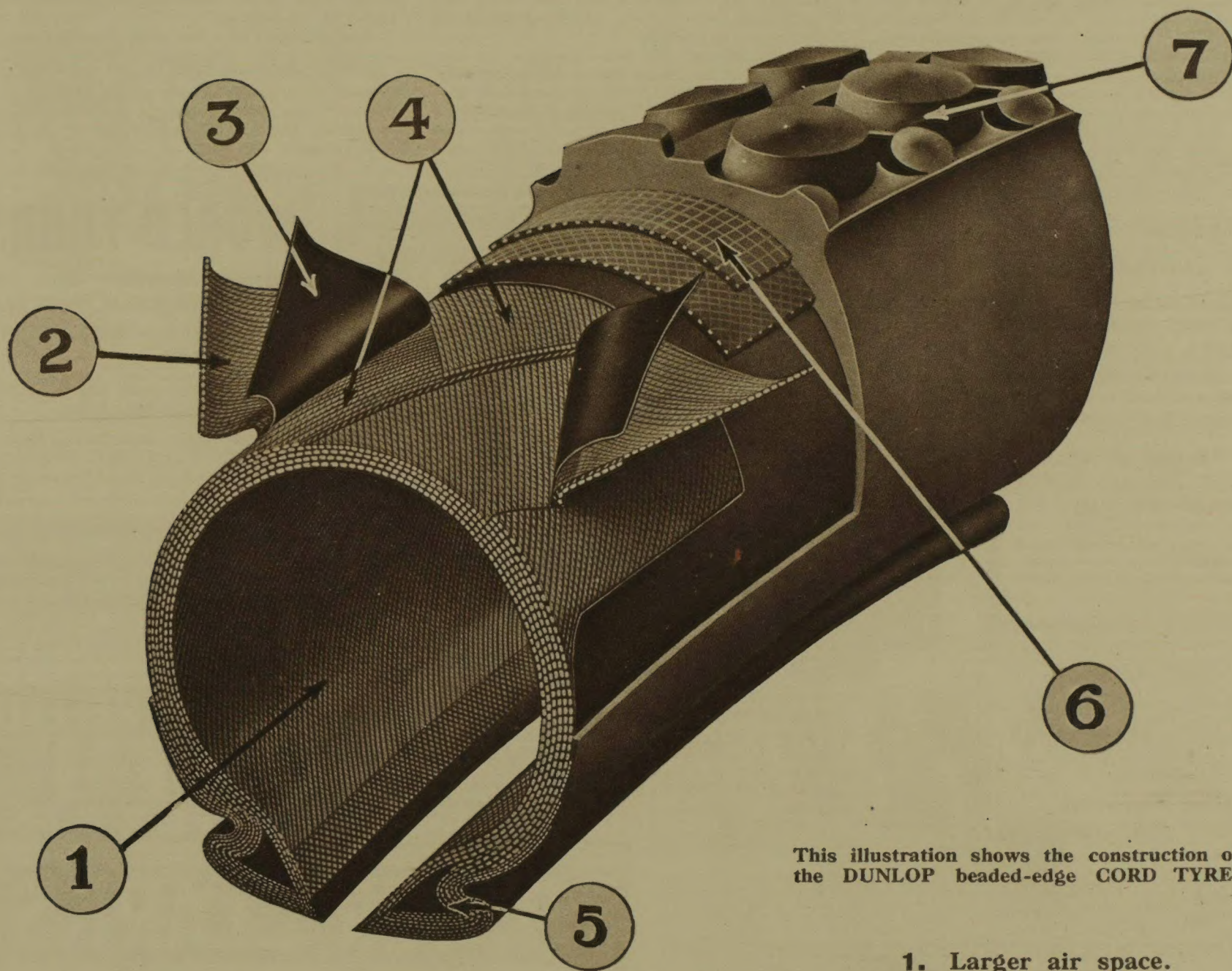
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THE DUNLOP CORD TYRE IS THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE

(Continued.)

processes which go to the making of the pneumatic tyre. Repeatedly it has been recorded that a set of tyres has successfully stood the racking test of a five hundred miles' road race without the slightest sign of trouble. What that means in improvement is well understood by those who were followers of racing in the days before the war, when races were very largely dependent for their results upon the luck experienced by the individual competitors.

Why has this improvement taken place? I think the answer is mainly to be found in the spirit of co-operation in technical matters which now is characteristic of the rubber tyre trade. It is perfectly obvious that much more in the way of research can be done by the trade as a whole than by its individual components working each along similar lines and to some extent in antagonism. Recently there has been opened at Croydon a fully equipped laboratory for the undertaking of rubber research work generally, where much valuable data has already been evolved and much useful test work carried out. It is being financed by the rubber trade as a whole, and all its work is open to everybody. Therefore, its conclusions ought to prove of inestimable value to the tyre manufacturer, and, as a consequence, to the motorist. It is not too much to hope that the progress which has already been made in the art of tyre construction will be continued, and that in the years to come we shall regard the mile-ages we now accomplish as trivial in comparison with those we shall attain on a single set of tyres.—W.W.

POETRY UNDER THE SCALPEL: A LITERARY DISSECTION.

POETRY is an impalpable thing. If we apply to it the methods of the dissecting-room, we may find, after we have laid bare the bones, that we have only been cutting up a corpse from which the spirit has fled. Yet poetry, like a human being, is not all soul: it also has a material body which may be profitably examined.

For her new book, "An Anatomy of Poetry" (Blackwell, 7s. 6d. net), Mrs. C. Williams-Ellis has chosen a title which is perhaps too suggestive of a surgical operation and does not do full justice to its scope. For she is not concerned only with the physical structure of poetry, but attempts also to capture its elusive spirit. Her work deserves close reading, for it is full of stimulating ideas, shrewd incidental judgments, and appreciations of individual poets. At the end, though, the reader is left with a slightly inconclusive impression, and feels the lack of some broad pronouncement on the principles that should guide poets in the future.

It may be that her own experience has been bewildering, for as Poetry Editor of the *Spectator*, she is able to say that, "For the last two or three years the entire output of published English verse has passed through my hands." No wonder that elsewhere she plaintively remarks: "The chief

difficulty of the honest critic is to keep his critical head above water, and not to be submerged, or rather rolled out perfectly flat by the weight of books which pour on top of him!"

No one has ever succeeded in defining poetry, and the author admits that such definition is quite impossible. She describes the function of poetry, however, as affording a subtle means of communication between the subconsciousness of man and man, a medium for expressing the inexpressible. The new movement in poetry is adequately explained as a reaction from the formalities of classical poetic diction and Victorian ethics, the latter discredited by the effects of war. At the same time, she sees the tendency to a modified return to tradition, as shown, for instance, in the work of Mr. Squire and Mr. Shanks. In quoting Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," which she so greatly admires as a profession of poetic faith, she tacitly approves his advocacy of poetic diction—"not speaking table talk fashion . . . words as they chanceably fall from the mouth"—a passage that sufficiently refutes the fallacy of colloquialism.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis writes with a sense of humour, exemplified in her dedication expressing indebtedness "to men's time fixing." If the "fixing" included correction of proofs, we fear these literary "fitters" were suffering from the prevalent post-war ergophobia, for the book is rather liberally peppered with misprints.

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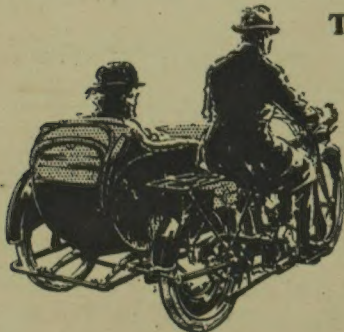
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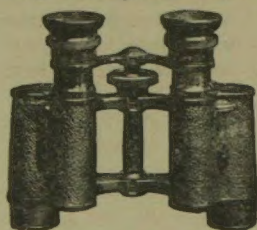
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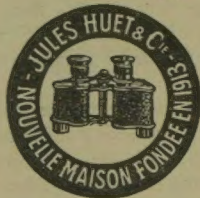
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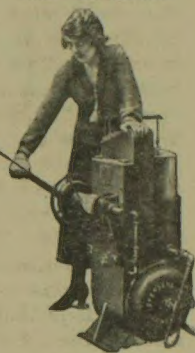
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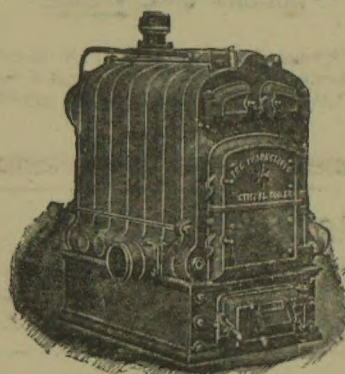
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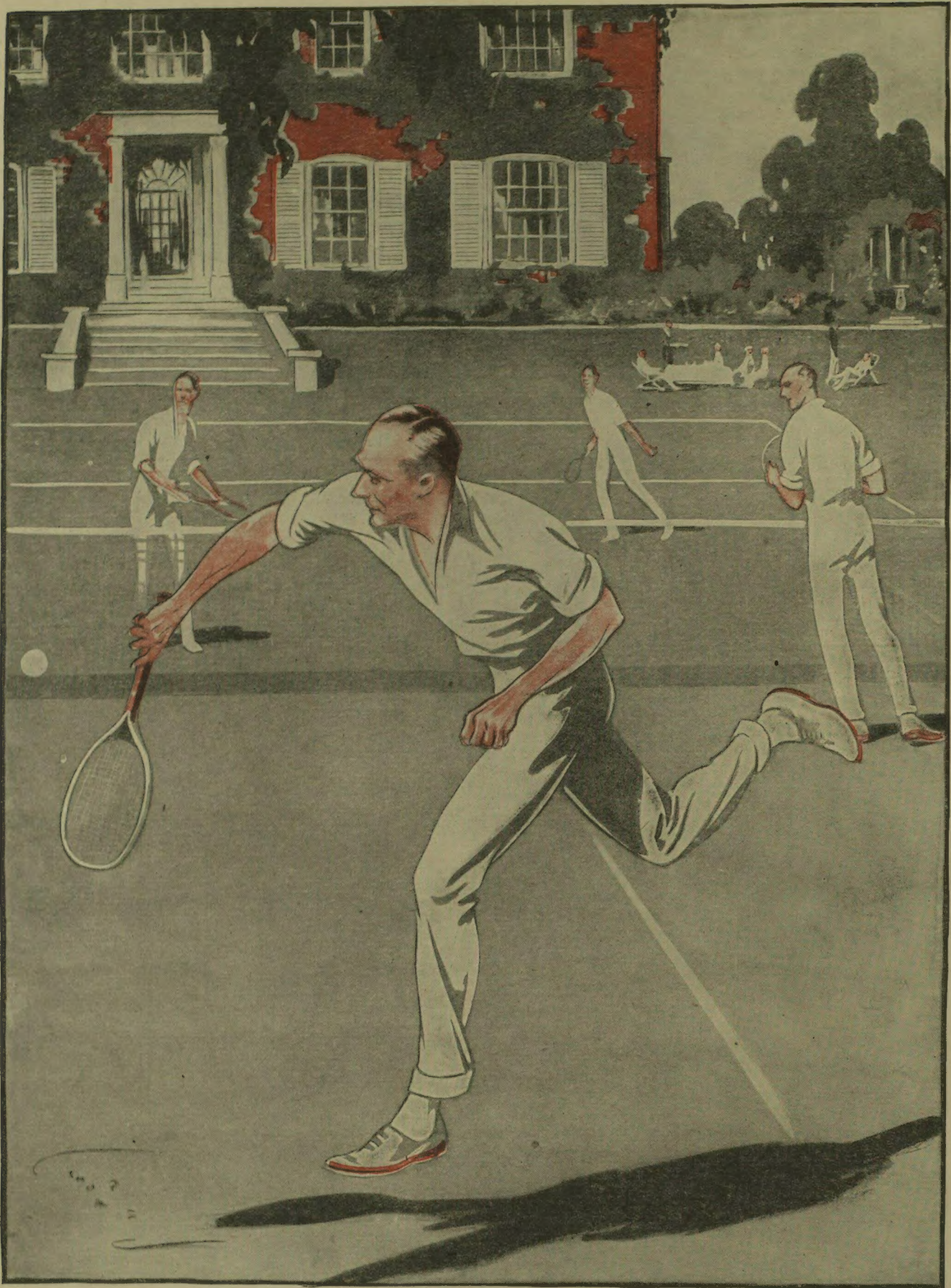
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